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Beautiful Red Cross Poster

(Story inside)

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SOPHISTICATED? That's what a lot of girls think when young, but look at the lady opposite . . .

ENJOYMENT, yes. But, lady, do you really want to be tied to the habit until you are this age?

SMOKE gets in YOUR HAIR

By JANE SIMPSON

Smoking is a useless, unclean, expensive, and unhealthy habit. I say that, happy in the knowledge that no manufacturer of cigarettes, or the Federal Treasurer, who collects such handsome revenue from their sale, will be in the least perturbed.

I say it, having spent twenty minutes in a cigarette queue this morning awaiting the pleasure of the young woman who opens the shop.

AND I say it, furthermore, in the faint hope that it may reconcile me to the fact that there is only one left in this morning's packet, and heaven knows where the next is to come from.

The disadvantages of smoking as a habit would fill books. Every smoker, male and female, knows them, and from time to time some reformed addict breaks into print to tell the world how much better is his health and his bank balance since he eschewed the practice.

These smug people, usually men, cannot avoid a patronising note in their confessions. I suppose it is reasonable.

No doubt you know the advice they give. Some suggest tapering off. Others say that method is useless. "Throw all your cigarettes away. Hide the ash-trays," advise these strong-willed types.

Some are feeble enough to suggest eating instead. Finding no difficulty in eating an apple or chocolate, and puffing away at a cigarette at the same time, I treat these suggestions with contempt.

Yet others contend that smoking is just a chain of habits. Break the chain, they hold, and the spell will weaken. They honestly seem to think that climbing on a chair to reach the top of the wardrobe every half-hour is a deterrent.

The one gentleman who got nearest to the point, to my mind, was he who said that the essential thing was to want to give up. After that, everything was easy.

Working on this thought with a modern psychological approach, I tried to recall what made me want to start.

What makes anyone want to start?

Even when I was 18, which is depressingly long enough ago, goodness knows, it was not a sufficiently unusual practice to signify emancipation.

In my youngest aunt's day it was different. She used to send me in thinly veiled secrecy to buy her a packet.

My grandmother, when she overheard, objected to the phraseology almost as much as the instruction.

"Nick over to the shop, kid," she would say, in what was then the modern slang, "and buy me a packet of fags."

But in my time it was more or less the done thing. Analysing my motives relentlessly, I remember that a cigarette in the hand at a party made up for the fact that it was ginger ale and not whisky and ginger ale in the glass at the side. It gave a spurious sophistication.

At this point, having abandoned this opus to sneak out to join another queue, and having seen the last packet sold to the abominable woman in front of me, I have decided that these psycho-analytical musings about youth are useless.

THE QUEUE becomes part of the smoker's life these days.

Much better to take stock now. It comes to a pretty pass when one can barely resist the impulse to ask an American soldier for one in the coffee shop. (Students of delinquency, take note.)

At the moment I have none. A good start, I think, with a glassy smile. Now let us consider, in a methodical way, the advantages to be gained.

First, let us take health. Why pay a doctor a guinea or two guineas every now and then to tell me to cut my cigarette consumption in half?

One of these doctors admitted that he smoked 30 himself, but said I was paying for advice, not example.

Another said, in a self-satisfied way, that he felt much, much better personally, having given them up. (He denied indignantly that he had adopted a method recommended in the British Medical Journal—hypnotic suggestion.)

And if this medical advice is to be rejected, why not heed a gentleman called Richet, who won the Nobel Prize for Physiology. Mark what he says:

"I have fettered myself with this habit with no better excuse than universal folly . . . I injure my appetite, my sleep, my memory, and the action of my heart by breathing noxious vapors. To excuse myself I cannot even claim, like some smokers, that tobacco is harmless, since I am well aware that it is harmful, extremely harmful."

It would have been far, far better if the Spaniards, back in 1558, had left tobacco where it was — in Mexico.

That seems to dispose of health, and if you and I are not sensible enough to consider that, would vanity be the method of appeal?

Look at the nicotine on your fingers; be honest and admit that your hair probably smells of tobacco, and take a searching look at your teeth.

As for money. Just work out, my girl, how much you spend a week on cigarettes. Multiply it by 52, and don't light another cigarette to help you with the arithmetic.

Write down all the other things it would buy.

Has it convinced you?

I hope so!

Because so far this little piece of mine hasn't achieved its main object, which is to convince me. Can anyone lend me a cigarette until tomorrow?

Romance . . . will return

ROMANCE—It is delightful to dally with memories of the delicious past and to dream of pleasures yet to come.

ROMANCE — fitting gift for charming companion — choice, gracious compliment for an anniversary occasion.

ROMANCE by MacRobertson's

ROMANCE, OLD GOLD, GOLDEN GLORY — three famous chocolate assortments remembered for their QUALITY!

KEEP FEET IN GOOD TRIM

NOT so many working days now, then Summer holidays will be here. This time, let it be a care-free holiday so far as your feet are concerned. Start now with the help of Zam-Buk to get those feet in better trim than ever before.

After bathing your feet, just rub in Zam-Buk Ointment for a couple of minutes each night. It quickly allays pain, swelling and inflammation.

Corns are softened and easily removed, blisters, soreness and chafing are healed, and tired, aching feet made healthy and comfortable.

Zam-Buk

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Magic Interlude

They wove a dream, never imagining that it could come true.

By

ANNE VERNON

PUBLIC LIBRARY 30 NOV 1944 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

She was in his arms suddenly — strong arms, holding her tightly.

THEY met in the first year of the war. There were a lot of things about then that have disappeared since. Elastic and ice-cream, and illusions, for instance. Linda's aunt gave a dance.

"I'm past the age for dances, Aunt Margaret," Linda said.

"Nonsense, child. What's twenty-five? It will cheer you up. And for once there will be enough men. I know about a dozen who are due on leave that week."

Linda's Aunt Margaret was a worldly woman. But kind. Not a bad person to stay with when your world has crashed in ruins and there is no purpose in life.

Robert Fleming came to the dance. At first Linda didn't notice him particularly. There were so many young men in R.A.F. uniform. She danced with him once, and they didn't talk much. And then, across the room, she suddenly saw his eyes fixed on her, sombrely. And knew that there was something they had to say to each other.

They danced again, toward the end of the evening.

"Tell me," he said, "something about yourself. Do you do anything? Do you live here?"

"I don't do anything at all. And I'm only staying here. My parents live in London."

"Well, I live in Ceylon. Up country," he said it almost defiantly.

"That's interesting," she said vaguely and politely. She knew nothing about Ceylon, except the shape of it on the map.

"You wouldn't know anything about that, of course," he said, as though he realised her ignorance. "It's a lonely life."

"Why did you come to England?" she asked.

He smiled. "Oh, I wanted to be in the middle of things," he confessed. "I couldn't sit on a wild hilltop growing tea when there was a war on. Not that you'd know there was, to-night."

Aunt Margaret believed in doing things properly. There was a good band, and her long drawing-room was banked with flowers. You could still get flowers that first winter of the war.

"Come and look at the moonlight on the snow," Robert said.

They went upstairs to the half-landing. Heavy curtains were drawn across it, but behind them, standing in the dark, you could see the garden silvered under the moon.

"Moonlight," he said, "and magic. I never dreamed that I'd be lucky enough to meet anyone like you."

He let the curtain fall and followed her into the empty drawing-room. Linda turned to him.

"Are there no girls in Ceylon?" she said mockingly.

"Girls—of course. But not girls with beauty like yours. Do you know how lovely you are?"

"Never judge women by moonlight," she told him.

"I couldn't judge you at all. You've taken my judgment away. Or almost all of it."

She was in his arms then. Strong arms, holding her tightly. His brown hair brushed her cheek.

This, she thought confusedly, was all Aunt Margaret's doing. The result of a gauzy black frock and her hair piled high on her head, and some expensive make-up. She'd never dazzled anyone before.

"I have ten days," Robert said at last, and his hand on her arm trembled. "Will you let me see you as often as I can?"

"Why not?" she said coolly.

And this was Aunt Margaret's doing, also, this mocking acceptance of a young man's admiration.

The music came to them faintly from the room below. The garden was still enchanted under the moon.

"All this is beyond me," he said suddenly. "Out of my stars. When the war is over, unless I am over, too, I shall go back to Ceylon and my wild, lonely life. But for ten days I can allow myself to dream. Dreams don't come true."

"No," she said. "Never."

"You understand that? I thought you would."

"Oh, yes. I understand."

She remembered her own dreams and sighed. Almost all her life, certainly ever since she had gone to school, she had wanted to be a doctor. She had struggled through her first exams. But now she had failed her finals for the second time.

After the last time there hadn't been any more hope. She would never qualify, and she knew it. It seemed like the end of the world. Aunt Margaret had rescued her—as far as anyone could.

"You wait," said she, "some new clothes and a lot of fun. Going about with your hair screwed into a bun and no powder on your nose won't get you anywhere."

"I don't want to get anywhere," Linda had said. "The only place I ever wanted to get is out of reach now for ever."

"Don't talk nonsense," said her aunt. "Come and stay with me."

So instead of grey London streets and crowded lecture-rooms and the busy life of the hospital there was a country house, luxurious and pleasant. It wasn't real, any of it. But nothing was real now to Linda.

Robert Fleming wasn't real either. He was only part of the moonlight and magic.

"To-morrow afternoon," he said, "will you come for a walk with me? A long walk in the snow? We'll have tea at a pub."

The magic, she thought, would disappear in the cold light of a February afternoon.

But apparently it didn't.

"You look nicer than ever by daylight," he told her. "How does it happen that nobody ever married you?"

"I don't know," she said.

She wasn't going to tell him about the long years of work which had ended in failure. He wasn't interested in failures. He wanted a glamor girl, someone he could weave a dream round for the ten days of his leave. And he should have what he wanted—as far as she could give it to him.

They did everything together during that ten days. They walked the countryside, and went to the local cinema, and spent a day in London, and drove about in Aunt Margaret's car as long as her petrol lasted. Linda wore all her new clothes, and they were all a great success. Aunt Margaret beamed.

Then came the last night. They had dinner together at Aunt Margaret's—she having tactfully removed herself to a bridge party at the rectory. Afterwards they sat in the drawing-room before a crackling fire.

"I shall always remember this," Robert said. "All my life."

"What will you remember?"

"The smell of this house—flowers and a wood fire—the sense of spaciousness and peace. And you in that dress."

It was velvet, dark and trailing. Above it her fair head rose proudly.

"I hope your memories will be happy ones," she said.

"Bitter - sweet, darling. Most memories are. But you've made the picture unforgettable. I shall see it often, beyond the jungle in the empty evenings."

She wanted to say: "Couldn't it be more than a picture? Couldn't it be real?"

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Magic Interlude

THE words died on her tongue. He didn't want reality. He wanted a dream. Someone to play with on his ten days' leave. Someone to kiss and forget.

"I shan't write to you," he said. "Letters are always anti-climax. I want to remember you as you are—glorious and golden and enchanted."

"Remember?" she said gently. "Or forget?"

"Both."

There was a silence, and she dared not break it. Then he kissed her good-bye.

"Thank you," he said. "for dreaming my dream. It won't mean anything to you, of course. But it will mean a lot for me."

"How do you know it won't mean anything to me?" she asked.

"How could it? Any girl who looks like you must understand that. Soon there'll be another man on leave."

"I don't think so."

"Don't pretend," he said, and smiled. "It isn't necessary."

And then he was gone, and she sat and watched the fire die down to ashes.

She wondered, in the year that followed, what else she could have done. Would it have been any use telling him that he had misjudged her? Could she have somehow made him see that she wasn't just an empty-headed butterfly? And even if she had made him see—would it have been any good? What he wanted, apparently, wasn't an ordinary sensible young woman to take back with him to Ceylon, but a glamor girl to flirt with—just for one leave.

He didn't say anything about seeing her again. He didn't write.

"The only thing I can do," Linda thought, "is to forget him."

That wasn't easy. There had never been many men in her life. She'd been too busy trying to be a doctor to think about love. And there weren't, she was sure, many men like Robert. He was kind, and he laughed at the same things she laughed at, and his eyes were gentle. Still—she mustn't think about that.

Soon there were other things to think about. Dunkirk came with the spring, and the war became real. Even Linda's Aunt Margaret was impressed and joined the W.V.S.

Linda herself knew that her days of idleness were over. You couldn't sit still when things like this were happening. She knew, too, what she had to do. She couldn't be a doctor, but she could be a nurse.

"You might do something a bit more dashing," Aunt Margaret complained. "I've only just got you away from a hospital."

"I don't think I'm a success when I dash," said Linda.

She managed to get sent to an R.A.F. hospital when she finished her training. It was silly, of course, to think that this might bring her nearer to Robert—but she clung to the slender chance.

. . . . . .

The matron had piercing eyes in a worn face. "Age?" she inquired.

"Twenty-seven," said Linda, and thought how old it sounded.

"Previous experience?"

She told her story. The matron listened, saying nothing. She said nothing, even at the end of the recital. But Linda had a feeling that now she knew all about her; even the parts she hadn't told.

It was a familiar life, and a hard one. She was quite grateful for that. Often she was so tired that she fell asleep as soon as she got into bed. And on those nights she was spared the thought of Robert and the dangers that encompassed him, spared the nightmares of burning planes and forced descents which so often haunted her dreams.

But sometimes her dreams were pleasant ones. She dreamed of Ceylon, where she had never been, and never would go, of the green depths of the jungle, of a bungalow on a lonely hillside. She had read a great deal about Ceylon by now. She could picture Robert's life there. The life he had been so careful not to talk about.

She was put on night duty for a time. And then one day the matron sent for her. "I want you to take a special case," she said. "He's by himself in Ward Six—he came in three days ago."

"Is he very bad?" Linda said. She knew the single wards were for serious cases.

"He'll never fly again," said the matron. "And I think that's retarding his progress. His eyes have been injured, but we believe we will save his sight. Otherwise, he is suffering from shock, and a couple of broken ribs.

"It doesn't sound hopeless."

"If he wanted to live," the matron said, "it wouldn't be."

She was silent for a moment, staring at Linda with those eyes which saw everything.

"You know what I want you to do," she said at last.

"Special duty in Ward Six," said Linda.

"More than that. I want you to use your experience. You have known disappointment, and you have surmounted it. Pass on that lesson."

"I—I don't know if I can."

Continued from page 3

"You must," said the matron calmly.

It was Robert who lay in the high bed in Ward Six. She was prepared for that. She had seen his name on the case sheet.

It was unbelievable, but it was true. The dim chance had turned to reality.

For a moment she thought she couldn't face it. She nearly went back and told the matron so. Then she remembered that his eyes had been injured, and were covered with bandages. It was unlikely that he would remember and recognise her voice. She opened the door and went in.

He was a good patient—quiet, uncomplaining. Too quiet, she thought, for his own good. He did exactly what she told him.

On the third day, in the evening, she said: "Would you like me to read to you? You slept this afternoon. I don't suppose you want to sleep again yet."

"That's kind of you," he said. "But please don't bother. I'm quite all right."

She paid no attention to that. She opened the book of short stories she had brought with her and began to read. When she came to the end of the story he didn't thank her, but said: "You know your voice reminds me of someone; a girl I met once—but she wasn't a nurse, of course."

"She might be now. We're all rather different these days."

"She wouldn't be different. Nothing would ever change her. She was a golden girl." His voice had been more animated than she had heard it before. But now it fell into weariness.

"But that's over," he said, "like everything else."

SHE didn't argue. It was time for his supper and she went to fetch it. She had to feed him, as he couldn't see to do it himself. Sometimes she thought he must remember the touch of her hand when it brushed against his—but he didn't remember.

She was a good nurse. Even now, when her whole body and soul bent over him in pity and love she could be controlled and quiet. But after ten days it seemed to her that he needed more than quiet.

"You know—you'll have to help yourself a bit," she remarked one morning.

"Why?"

"You're getting better. They expect to take the bandages off your eyes next week. Then you'll be able to get up."

"I suppose so."

"So it's quite time you pulled yourself together," she added sharply.

"There's no reason why I should."

"What about that girl?" she asked.

He hesitated for a moment, then he said: "After all—why shouldn't I tell you? You're only a voice in the dark . . . She was beautiful. She was enchanted. She was the sort of girl you dream about."

"Why didn't you marry her?"

"How could I? She wasn't the sort of girl you could ask to share a hard life. It would have killed her. But afterwards—thinking about her—I knew it was going to be very hard to go back to Ceylon; back to loneliness. So I tried not to think about it. I tried not to think about anything but flying. And I succeeded. I lived in the present, and no future."

"What about your job in Ceylon?"

"I suppose I'll have to go back to it. I liked it once—loved it."

"You'll love it again."

"Perhaps," he said without enthusiasm, and fell silent.

"LISTEN," she said, "you say there's no present and no future. There's always a future. If you have the courage to face it."

"How do you know?"

"I've been there," she said. "I tried for six years to be a doctor; I failed. Then there was a man. I loved him. But that went wrong, too."

"And now?"

"I've found something else. I'm a nurse. And I like it."

Her whole heart challenged him. He must respond. She had given him everything she possessed; her love and her shame and her hardly won courage.

"I apologise," he said at last. "I've been behaving like a fool."

After that he was a great deal more trouble. She was delighted about that. He wanted to feed himself and wash himself and get out of bed. He was an entirely normal and troublesome patient.

The matron told her one morning that they would be taking his bandages off that day.

"They are fairly sure of eyesight," she added. "The room is to be darkened, of course. Have him ready by four o'clock."

"I—I can't," said Linda. She couldn't face him, even in a darkened room.

"It's your case," said the matron quietly. "Four o'clock."

A long, difficult day. He was very apprehensive, and determined not to show it. They were both relieved when four o'clock arrived, and with it the doctors.

It seemed to her, standing correctly at attention beside the bed, that they would never be finished. And yet, half her mind prayed that they might linger over the task. For when it was over Robert would see her. And when he saw her the dream would end. She knew what she looked like now; a little tired, very severe and calm in her uniform. There was no enchantment about her, nothing for a man to make magic with. And he would know all about her, too.

She had told him her drab, humiliating story. It had helped him. It was the rope by which he had pulled himself back to life. But he would never think of her romantically again.

They had taken off the bandages. In the dim light his eyes focused on the doctor—and saw.

Linda's attention wandered. She only half-heard the doctor's cheerful reassurances, the matron's calm comments. She could only look at Robert. And after a moment he looked at her. "Linda," he said.

The matron removed the doctors. How, Linda never knew. That woman had her methods.

And then Linda was alone with him in the dim room. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've spoiled your dream. But they'll give you another nurse to-morrow."

"Linda. So it was you."

"I'm afraid so."

"I wondered. But it seemed so impossible. My dream girl——"

"I'm sorry," she said again.

He spoke so loudly that he startled her. "For Heaven's sake don't be sorry! Don't you know I love you?"

"Love—or loved?"

"Both," he said.

"But there's no glamor——"

"I don't want it," he interrupted. "I did once, but that's over. It's a thing to know—but not a thing to live with. Linda, my dear, can't we start again?"

"I don't see why not. If—if you want to. But the magic is gone," she said.

"And we've got something real instead," he told her. "Is it too poor an exchange? Or have I been given new eyes—to see a new world?"

"It might be that," she murmured.

And then she was kneeling by the bed with her head on his shoulder, and reality and the magic were one.

(Copyright)

New Guinea Boudoir

PRIVATE LESLIE WARNE, of the A.A.M.W.S., at her packing-case dressing table in New Guinea, where she recently arrived. She relinquished corporal's stripes in Adelaide in order to see service nearer the battle zone.

—Australian Official Photo.

Light . . .

AS AN IDLE THOUGHT

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Nerves!

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The UNLOADED GUN

"Why didn't you tell me it was loaded?" Blower demanded, turning angrily on Dr. Joy.

By . . .

ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

FIVE o'clock found Police Sergeant Dan Murphy turning in at Dr. Joy's place. As he opened the door, without knocking, a bell tinkled. The receptionist had gone home. But no receptionist was needed to admit the regulars who assembled after work hours in Dr. Joy's clubby back room.

Murphy crossed the reception parlor and lumbered down a carpeted hall to the rear. He was a weighty man with a broad, pinkish face; his grey hair made him look older than his fifty years. The back room he entered was rank with pipe smoke, and, as usual, he found the doctor's guests absorbed with guns and gun talk. Guns, supported by brackets, covered all four walls. Eric Joy had spent half a lifetime picking them up, and now his back room made a genial forum of hobby talk for all the other gun cranks in the county.

Not that any of the others could boast a collection comparable to Joy's. Sergeant Murphy himself specialised in police arms, and of such he had gathered only a modest assortment. But he liked to drop in here and relax after an exacting day at headquarters.

"Make yourself at home, Sergeant," Dr. Joy greeted cheerily. Joy was a precise man, with the habit of whirling his pince-nez on the end of a ribbon, in reckless arcs, while he expounded guns.

"Evenin', Doctor. Evenin', Albin." Murphy spoke or nodded to half a dozen others, and then eased his uniformed bulk into an armchair. He filled his pipe, and Albin Loomis, the young architect, held a match for him. "Thanks, Albin. How're the new courthouse plans coming along?"

"I wouldn't know," Albin said.

"Why not? You're the architect, aren't you?"

"I thought I was. But I was just kidding myself." Albin's tone seemed evasive and a bit bitter. He's feeling low about losing the courthouse job, Murphy thought. Maybe that explained why Albin hadn't been round to see Sue lately. Sue Morgan was Murphy's schoolteaching niece.

"You got the wrong slant on it, Les. Being recoil-operated, the Johnson's less complicated than the Garand." Jay Huston's disputing voice made Murphy aware that they were at it again about whether or not the Army should replace its new Garand rifle with the Johnson semi-automatic thirty. "On the other hand," Les Whipple shot back, "the Garand has more endurance, and it's safer. I'm right, Doctor, aren't I?"

The disputants turned to Joy, who was an acknowledged authority. "Being gas-operated," Joy launched forth, whirling his glasses, "the Garand's bound to get clogged with carbon; however, the Johnson's really had no field test yet. It——"

Murphy's attention strayed to shabby little Jess Harwood. Jess stood wistfully in front of Joy's rack of Revolutionary muskets. To Murphy the man seemed like a starved dog; he knew that Jess had once owned a collection of flintlocks himself, and had lost it through a series of misfortunes.

Apple-cheeked Ben Burlew, the realtor, was looking at Joy's frontier-model revolvers. Farther down the room a retired British major named Jeffries took a .50-calibre Sharps from its brackets. He hefted it. "Something of a howitzer, what? How much will it weigh, Doctor?"

"Thirteen pounds," Joy answered, hardly losing a breath from his exposition on Johnsons and Garands.

Neal Blower, the tall, dark attorney, crossed to the Englishman. "If you're interested in buffalo guns, Major, I've one of my own worth looking at. Drop up and see it some time. Wyatt Earp himself hunted with it in the winter of '73——"

Murphy listened to the talk absently. It was nice to relax here among friends. Like a club, the place was, where you paid no dues and where any human who loved guns was always welcome. Take Neal Blower, for instance. Neal, with the best law practice in Citrus Valley, was never too busy to talk guns. The man specialised in names, however, rather than in models. Show him just any old flintlock and Neal Blower might be apathetic; but mention that Daniel Boone had once primed it, and Blower would rise like a trout.

A bell tinkled out in front and a latecomer sauntered in. This was Milt Pollard, the lanky politician and gun shark. The man entered brazenly, as usual, as though quite unaware that the others didn't like him. "Good day, gents," Pollard greeted them in that twangy auctioneer's voice of his. "Got anything I might trade you out of?"

Murphy could feel the warm camaraderie in the room begin cooling off. Pollard always struck the wrong note here. But Dr. Joy, the impeccable host, spoke to him civilly. The others all but snubbed the man. He didn't really belong.

The difference, Murphy knew, was that Pollard traded only for profit. With the others guns were a hobby; with Pollard they were a racket. Except that he was the undercover power in county politics, the man gave all his energies to arms trading. Each summer he loaded his car with guns and drove all the way from California to Harpers Ferry, stopping to make shrewd gun deals with collectors along the route. Always he returned by way of the Kentucky mountains.

His technique, Murphy knew, was to swap a case of cheap whisky to some mountaineer for a genuine Kentucky rifle. Later Pollard would sell the rifle at a handsome profit to some well-to-do hobbyist.

Such practice naturally didn't set well with real gun lovers like Eric Joy, and Ben Burlew. Pollard now perched himself on the window-sill and lighted a cigar. "Well, gents," he twanged, "I just got hold of a genuine St. Etienne French musket, made in 1810, that was fought with at the Battle of Waterloo, and she's a jim-dandy. What am I bid?"

A stiff silence answered him. Pollard's habit of faking a background for anything he wanted to sell was only too well known.

As though to tune out the off-pitch key struck by Pollard, Burlew asked Joy: "Got anything new to show us, Doctor?"

"Only that 380 Colt automatic hammerless," Joy said. He pointed to his latest acquisition, displayed on a wallboard with other modern Colt models. "Rather an effective bit of engraving, if any of you care to look at it."

Burlew took the pistol from its supports. Its only distinction was exterior decoration — gold filigree work and a pearl grip. Burlew read aloud an inscription which established it as a gift to Dr. Joy in appreciation of an address on automatic arms, delivered recently by Joy before a national convention of police chiefs and sheriffs.

"What I call a fancy job, Doctor." Burlew passed the gun on to Albin Loomis. Albin looked at it, passing it on to Sergeant Murphy. "Too much fooferaw to suit me," Murphy said, and passed it on to Neal Blower. Blower balanced it flat on the palm of his hand, commenting, "Makes a pretty package, Doctor." He gripped the gun's pearl butt and his finger curled over the trigger. "Not loaded, is it?"

"Hardly," Joy said.

Blower's trigger finger tightened, as though merely to test the action.

But there was more than a click. The roar shocked Murphy to his feet, and instinctively he grabbed Blower by the hand. Blower stood staring stupidly.

Then he turned angrily on Joy, demanding, "Why didn't you tell me it was loaded?"

Les Whipple lashed out: "You fool! You might have killed one of us!"

"But Joy said it wasn't loaded!" Blower pleaded.

Murphy said sharply, "All guns are loaded, Neal, when you think they aren't."

It was the horrified focus of Jess Harwood's eyes that made Murphy whirl to the window. He saw Milton Pollard collapsing forward, arms outflung at crazy angles.

"He's hit!" came hoarsely from Harwood just as Pollard slithered to the floor. He was bleeding at the temple, and in less than a minute he was dead.

. . . . . .

Coroner Ord and Police Chief Jerome arrived promptly.

"Accidental homicide," Ord concluded when he'd heard Murphy's report.

Neal Blower stood by, pale and self-accusing. "I suppose you know how I feel, men," he mumbled.

"It's just one of those tough breaks," Albin Loomis said. He laid a sympathising hand on Blower's shoulder.

Dr. Joy's precise statement was: "Nine of us saw it happen. The gun was passed from hand to hand. As Neal handled it he asked me if it was loaded and I said no. I thought it wasn't. It might just as easily have killed anyone else in the room, including Neal himself."

"Quite," said Major Jeffries, and the others agreed with him.

"But who loaded the gun?" puzzled Ord.

"I didn't," Joy said promptly.

"Then who did?" queried Chief Jerome.

"It arrived this morning by express," Joy said. "I opened the package and inspected the gun. But I certainly did not load it."

Murphy asked, "Did you look to see if it was already loaded?"

Joy concentrated, twirling his glasses on the ribbon. "I remember pressing the spring at the base of the butt," he said, "which let the clip drop out in my hand. The clip was empty. But there could have been a shell in the chamber. Just then my receptionist announced a patient. So I punched the clip back in and racked the gun. Patients kept me busy all day and I never touched it again."

Murphy began looking for the empty shell. He knew that when anyone fires an automatic, the shell is automatically ejected. In this case it should have hit the wall at the back of Blower.

"I see it," Murphy announced. He had dropped to his hands and knees and was looking under a cabinet. "Give me something to rake with, Doc."

Joy handed him a ramrod and Murphy used it to rake the shell out. Not touching it with his hands, he poked the rod's tip into the empty brass cylinder and held it up for inspection. "When you feed a cartridge into a gun chamber," he said, "you have to pinch it between a thumb and two fingers."

Jerome borrowed a magnifying glass from Dr. Joy. He examined the empty shell through it and announced discernible prints. "A section of thumbprint on one side, and two finger-tips on the other."

Coroner Ord said briskly, "Be prepared to testify at the inquest, Chief, as to who made the print. That will prove who loaded the gun."

Jerome nodded. "It'll turn out to be whoever handled it last before sending it here by express. Through sheer carelessness he forgot to unload the gun before making it into a package. However, I'd also like prints of everybody that's been in this room since the gun arrived."

Les Whipple asked edgily, "Not trying to make a crime out of it, are you?"

Jerome smiled. "No. It's only a matter of routine, gentlemen."

. . . . . .

When Murphy arrived home his niece, Sue Morgan, was waiting with supper ready for him. "What makes you so late, Uncle Dan?"

"An accident down at Dr. Joy's. They were passing a gun round and it went off."

She stopped, half alarmed, in the act of pouring his coffee. "You mean—the bullet hit someone?"

"A man named Pollard," Murphy said, and saw her relax in relief. She, of course, knew that Albin Loomis usually met with the regulars at Dr. Joy's.

For a long time Murphy had had a pretty clear idea of how Sue felt about Albin. He was just as certain that Albin felt the same way about Sue. But Albin was sensitive. His net income as an architect was still less than Sue herself earned as a high-school teacher.

"Did Albin tell you," Murphy asked, "that they're not letting him make the plans for the new courthouse?"

She shook her head. "I haven't seen him lately, Uncle Dan."

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Dr. CLAY'S WIFE

Our fascinating romantic serial of hospital life

"You're looking much better," David said impersonally.

KAY moved her head on the pillow. She opened her eyes for a moment. She saw David.

"She's coming out of it," someone said.

Her eyes closed then, but David was bending over her, his hand firm and real on her wrist. "You're all right, Kay."

After that a panorama of other pictures marched before her. They were so kaleidoscopic that she could not tell the real from the unreal.

There were deer that ran lightly through the room and leaped with agile grace out the window. She laughed.

"What is it, Kay?"

"How surprised they're going to be when they land in that snowbank out there," she whispered. Or was it time for snow?

There were other pictures, too. The little room in the parsonage where she and David were married.

There was a picture of David, his eyes burned black in a white, tense face, and tears rolling down over his cheeks. She wanted to reach out her arms and hold that picture. It was terrible to see a man cry. She tried, but she could not.

A week later she smiled at Jane with a counterfeit of her old gayness. "Such a picture gallery I've been having all to myself," she said. "What in the world did I have? Some of the sulfas?"

"You almost had a crown and a harp," Jane said. "But you've got a small daughter and a dozen transfusions, and you're all right. Go to sleep."

"I had a zoo leaping about for wallpaper . . . I . . . even thought . . . I even thought David was here."

"David was here," Jane said. "He left only this morning. Go to sleep. For a week at least. Then you can talk."

"Let me see the baby?"

"I will not. She's all right, but she's in the incubator. She isn't to be moved. Will you shut your eyes?"

It was the day before she left the hospital that David came back.

She was stronger now. "Jane's actually allowed me a ribbon for my hair," she said as the door opened. The night nurse was early. "I even wangled powder and rouge, what do you think of that?"

It was David. "May I come in?" he asked.

"Oh!" So that part had been real. He had been there. "Well, yes," she said.

He stood there again, looking down at her.

She knew then that she had not forgotten David, not for a single second through all those strangely indeterminate months.

"You're looking much better," he said.

"The khaki's very becoming," she thought, "but he's thinner than he was before. I wonder if he gets enough to eat." The other picture of him standing there with tears on his cheeks she had dreamed. There was nothing in his face now to suggest it.

His manner was gentle but impersonal. It was not cold, not in the least, but it was very sure.

He took off his coat and folded it, laid it on a chair. "I flew down for the evening," he said. "They've been very decent, letting me get away."

"Yes," Katherine said.

"Jane tells me she is going to let you go home in a day or so."

"To-morrow, I think."

"I've made arrangements for that," he said. "Nurse Rivers is going back to the nurses' home. You'll be more comfortable in your own house."

She made a movement of protest. He disregarded it.

"And Nurse Sanderson is going home with you for a month or so."

"But I can't . . . not possibly . . ." She couldn't afford that. All those special nurses . . . for three weeks . . . and then a nurse for a month. She couldn't do it. And she couldn't let him . . . "No, thanks. I'll manage."

"You'll just have to put up with it, Kay," he was saying with that odd, new ruthlessness.

Suddenly she knew how much stronger than she David was. "I know all the things you might say." He paused a moment, then continued matter-of-factly, "You see, I didn't realise how much you had grown to hate me. But just now both of us must forget our personal plans until you're well."

She did not answer. Hate him? Was that what he thought? What were the personal plans he meant for himself?

"When you are well we can talk all this out. You can make your own decisions. But while you are my wife I shall take care of you." There was something very definite about his quiet statement. He had seen his duty and he would do it! "I have my pride, too, you know."

That did astonish her. "Your pride?"

"Certainly. I won't have it said that I neglected you. You are going to an adequate home with proper nursing until you are back on your feet." He did not speak warmly nor with any coldness. He was simply matter-of-fact.

Tom came in. "David!"

"Hello, Tom. Come in."

"Well, this is splendid! I didn't think they'd let you off again so soon."

"Oh, the Army isn't so very hard. Not on research men, any way."

"Good thing you're here. We've got to have a namesake. So far Kay hasn't put her mind to it."

"What about Jane?" David said abruptly.

"Jane?"

"She's been rather a brick. She's earned a namesake. If you like the idea, of course."

"I think it's perfect," Kay said. She turned to the night nurse who had followed Tom into the room. "We've got a name at last. Jane. After Dr. Lester."

"Good! Shall I bring the baby in? Dr. Lester said it wouldn't hurt for a minute. She might like to see her parents."

David rose hastily, reddening under the archness of the nurse. "I don't think she ought to be taken out of the incubator yet," he said quickly. "Dr. Lester wants to keep her there for a few weeks yet. No use undoing all the good that's been done. I'll pay my respects on the way out."

Kay was grateful for his quick rejection of the idea. That was a difficult moment avoided. And lost.

"Are you . . . flying back?" she asked. It was not what she had meant to say, but the silence must be covered somehow. She was weaker than she thought. She was bathed in cool sweat.

"Yes. A friend of mine flew me down. He's waiting at the airport."

She must not, she must not say anything to let him see she wanted him to stay or to let Tom guess it. "David means nothing at all to me any more," she had said.

Color rose in her face. "What kind of woman are you, Kay Prescott?" she asked sharply. "Go on and dissolve. Weep on his chest. Beg him to stay with his wife and baby, like an odious clinging vine. You just dare try it!"

The nurse was laying an enormous cellophane box on the bed. She was glad to turn her attention to it.

"Camellias! Pink ones, and so many of them! Tom, you're an extravagant wretch!" To David she said, "Tom's been keeping my room full. I'm thinking of starting a florist's shop."

Tom's face grew red.

"I suppose I can send my best friend's spouse a posy if I want to. But I didn't send these, Kay."

There was no card. Could it have been David?

There was something electric in the air. Then it was gone. David had said nothing, had not even moved, yet she knew that he had misunderstood entirely.

"You've been very good to Kay, Tom," he said. "We've a lot to thank you for, both of us."

She found herself babbling, trying to make it all casual. She succeeded only in making it worse.

"They've been wonderful, Tom and Jane. Every night, almost, they came out to the lake, all through the winter. And they've simply bossed me as if I were a two-year-old. I can't call my soul my own, not with them on my trail all the time."

Yes, David was going away with a false idea, but what could she do? She might be able to humble her pride where Eunice was concerned, but she certainly would not use her illness and the baby to anchor him when he did not want to be anchored. Her chin went up. Let him go on with his personal plans, whatever they were. She'd not lift a finger to stop him.

The next day they let her get up.

"You can walk down the passage if you want to," Jane said. "It's only a little way to the nursery and it's about time you had a good look at my namesake."

A few minutes later, a mask over her mouth and nose and a sterile gown over her negligee, she was looking down into the incubator.

"She—she's very handsome," she said uncertainly, "isn't she?" With one finger she touched the little fuzz of hair that was like the frosty gold of a baby duckling. "Where did she get that, do you suppose?"

"Throwback to some fair-haired ancestor, probably," Jane said. Then added with fatuous pride, "She's a glamor girl, this one. Look at those eyes, will you?"

The baby had opened her eyes, and they were staring straight into Kay's. Those were David's eyes staring at her.

"I—I expect I shall have my hands full eighteen years from now," she said, glad for the mask which could explain the muffling of her tone.

She wanted to pick the baby up and hold her, but an inner warning deterred her. She did not dare, not here. She was aware of a flood of feeling she had kept firmly in check because she had refused to acknowledge its existence. She must not release it now.

She had known that a certain moment had been lost out of her life when David had fled so precipitately at the mention of seeing the baby. True, she had been glad at the moment, but she had, nevertheless, recognised it for what it was.

"I'll—I'll make it up to you, somehow," she said. The baby closed her eyes, wrinkled up its small button of a nose, and yawned. "Oh, so you're not interested in sententious women, aren't you?" She tucked the blanket in more securely at the side of the incubator, thinking, "Good example for you, Kay!"

When she was back she said one morning to Jane, "You've been marvellous, Jane. Would you like some thanks? You've got them coming."

"Not me," Jane said. "It was a pleasure to boss you, my lamb."

"You did, all right. I thought I told you David wasn't to be told."

"If you expect me to be repentant just because I broke a promise, forget it," Jane advised firmly. "That was all right in a normal case. But you, my sweet, almost passed out. And no patient of mine prescribes for herself."

Katherine was suddenly serious. "You've done so much. A lot more than anyone could expect—all those extra nights. The nurses have told me."

Jane was annoyed. "The nurses had better learn the first tenets of their profession—that a shut mouth is worth a dozen open ones," she said tartly.

"But——"

"But hooey. If one person can't do a few odd things for someone else once in a while it's a pretty poor kind of world, I should say."

"Your delicate way of telling me you're fond of me?"

Jane ruffled her hair as she might have done to a six-year-old.

"You're my favorite patient, and I shall dose you with brimstone and treacle if you say another word, my child."

Please turn to page 30

By MILDRED F. MEESE

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Beulah BUNNY and the LETHAL BLADE

She started out to master the art of fencing, but her main achievement was to set romance in train.

"Watch your feet," Mr. Fontaine kept barking sternly.

By DOROTHY JOHNSON

MY NEIGHBOR was going up to see her sister in British Columbia, so I drove her over to the depot. Just as she was ready to hand her two youngsters to the conductor so he could boost them up the train steps, a tall, severe-looking man got off, glaring at us. Being a schoolteacher, I felt perfectly competent to glare right back.

I waved good-bye to the children as if they were going a thousand miles instead of seventy. When the train had pulled out, I turned to find the severe-looking man standing guard over his suitcases and looking aloof and annoyed.

I was the only person in sight, except an Indian who was sitting against the depot wall with his moccasined feet stuck straight out in front of him and his big black hat pulled down over his eyes while he slept. The stranger looked at the Indian and then at me. Apparently he decided I was his best bet for conversation, since I was at least awake.

He swept off his hat with a stately bow. "Madam, will you please tell me where I can get a taxi?"

Ordinarily, I would have said, "In Wenatchee, a hundred miles due south," but that bow got me.

"Where do you want to go?" I heard myself asking in a neighborly tone. "I'll take you there. Okanasket isn't big enough to have taxicabs."

He drew back. "I could not impose, madam."

"Look here," I said. "My name isn't madam. I'm Miss Beulah Bunny. And if you couldn't impose on me, you're unique. Want to go to the hotel?"

Looking annoyed, he put his bags in the back and sat beside me, very erect, while I drove. He even tried to make polite conversation, but the hotel is too close to the depot to allow for much talk. He did say his name was Charles Fontaine and that he was going to work at the bank. He glared through his pinch-nose glasses at our greyish-tan velvet hills and our two-story frame buildings—he couldn't see the rich orchards that nestle in the folds of those hills, or the good people who live in our little houses.

"I don't suppose," he remarked, "that there are any fencers here?"

"Fencers?" I drove round a dog that was asleep in the street. "Why, if your property is small enough, I suppose you could find somebody to fence it, if you wanted to go to the expense."

"I do not mean that kind of fence," he answered disdainfully, as if he had got pretty tired of meeting stupid people like me. "I mean the art of fencing, with foils or sabres."

"I know an old prospector up toward Conconully who might take you on," I told him. "Of course, he has his own system; you have your left hands tied together, and you each use a deer-skinning knife. He's out of practice now. I should imagine."

Mr. Fontaine inclined his head attentively. "I do not know that technique. Would he take a pupil?"

"If he got mad enough," I said. "It was fatal to the last three."

From his snort, I judged that he didn't think I was very funny.

When I stopped in front of the hotel, Letitia Rhodes popped out from the lobby. "Oh, hello, Beulah," she cooed. "Er—how do you do, Mr.——er?"

I sighed and said, "Miss Rhodes, Mr. Charles Fontaine." Letitia is the reporter on our semi-weekly paper; she picks up lots of news, usually just a little twisted, but not enough to sue over. She doesn't come right at you for information, but prefers to get it in what she thinks is a subtle way. I knew what she was after, so I went on, "Mr. Fontaine is going to work in the bank. He's also a fencer."

Then I told her in the Chinook jargon, which she knows better than I do, that I didn't know the man. Otherwise she might have said in the paper that he was an old pal of mine. She did say I met him at the station.

In the next issue of the paper there was a glowing write-up that said Mr. Fontaine—she spelled it Fountaine, but that's pretty good for Letitia—was going to work in the bank and was a celebrated duellist. By rare good fortune I was in the bank, depositing my salary cheque when Mr. Fontaine spoke to Letitia about that little matter. She brushed off his scandalised objection airily.

"I could have said just that you were a fencer," she explained, beaming, "but nobody would have understood that. So I just changed it a little—one of the first considerations in journalism, you know, is absolute clarity. Even if you never fought a duel, you could, couldn't you?"

Mr. Fontaine shut his mouth like a trap and said "G-r-r" in his throat.

"I thought you'd like to know," she added helpfully, "that there's another fencer in town. When I heard about you, I thought, 'Now, there's a man with a hobby he can't enjoy alone—you can't fence with your own shadow—so I'll hunt round for somebody.' And that's what I did."

Mr. Fontaine wanted to know who the other person was, obviously, but he was too huffy to ask, so I did.

"Doctor Marble," she said. "Doctor Marble, the new dentist. I'll bet you didn't know that. Well, I must be going. We do hope you'll enjoy your stay in our community, Mr. Fontaine." And out she went, beaming and nodding.

It was about a week later that we got a new teacher; one of ours had broken her contract to elope with a rancher, and Elizabeth Hanover was hired to fill in on Latin and Spanish. The superintendent asked me to meet her at the depot, because he couldn't get away and he wanted her to have a friendly welcome to the town.

The minute I laid eyes on her, I knew that she would be called Beth; she was a gentle girl, and the name seemed to fit her. I marched up and introduced myself, and we started for my car, talking politely. Just as we went round the corner, we almost fell over a sleeping Indian, propped up against the building. Beth edged back away from him.

"Dear me," I said, "he looks like the same one I fell over last week."

"Is he—you don't suppose he's dead?"

I took another look. "Probably not. If he is, it's recent; that's not the same hat he had on last time."

Beth looked doubtful, but she got herself in hand. My dear, I thought, if a sleeping Indian scares you, just wait till you see some of the things round here.

Beth had been teaching only a few days when I heard a muffled shriek from her classroom. Appointing a monitor instantly for my pupils who were droning through "The Merchant of Venice," I rushed into the next classroom and found Beth leaning back in her chair while Miss Lewis, the mathematics teacher, fanned her frantically.

"She fainted!" Miss Lewis announced. "Run and get some water."

"Take it away" moaned Beth. "It's by the door."

"There, there, it won't hurt you," I said, looking back at the door through which I had come. There, blinking comfortably, was a corpulent frog.

Miss Lewis and I got Beth calmed down, and I went back to my pupils, who were still dutifully misunderstanding Shakespeare. Some time in my youth I built up such a reputation for sternness and omniscience that I haven't had to do much about discipline for years. Maybe it's my face.

It just didn't seem to me that Beth would be happy teaching, at least without some gentle hints about discipline and control. So I thought of having her over to Sunday-night supper, where I could get in some suggestions based on my own long experience. Well, I thought, why not make a party of it? I could give her some of the facts of a teacher's life while she helped me get things ready. Doctor Marble ought to meet Mr. Fontaine, because they're both fencers, and Beth ought to meet Dr. Marble just because they were both young and single.

If Mr. Fontaine wanted to think I was pursuing him, I figured, he could just refuse to come. He came though and, my goodness, but he looked distinguished! He ran to costumes unusual in Okanasket. He wore a black overcoat over his shoulders carelessly, as if it were a cape, and he carried a cane. He turned out to be quite a distinguished conversationalist.

I discovered that all that ailed him was that he was shy.

Mr. Fontaine and the dentist decided they must have some fencing practice. Both of them lived in furnished rooms, though, and had no place big enough for prancing round with weapons in hand. Dr. Marble said he'd get permission to use the empty office next to his own, so that was settled.

"I saw a fencing match once," Beth remarked. "It was wonderful! The swift grace, the archaic grandeur—it was splendid."

Both men turned to her with such profound admiration that I wished I had said that myself.

"Why don't you learn?" the dentist asked.

"Oh, I'd like to, but ——" Beth answered.

"Come along then, Wednesday after school."

"U'm'm. I'm afraid not. It would look strange, wouldn't it?" She was right, too. People always expect the worst of teachers.

Mr. Fontaine leaped gallantly into the breach—at my expense. "Miss Bunny, you would like to learn to fence, too, would you not?" Even just talking to you over your own table, he could give the impression of making a deep bow.

I returned a mental curtsy and agreed, "Well, I could watch. But, of course, for the actual fencing—you know how it is, with sciatica, arthritis, lumbago, neuralgia, and all that."

Beth giggled. "You sound like my pupils trying to memorise a vocabulary. You don't pronounce those things as if you really had them."

So that was how I got roped into fencing, just to help along a possible romance between Beth and the dentist. If I'd minded my own business I'd have saved money on liniment.

Dr. Marble turned out in white duck pants and a white sweater, looking devastating and lethal. He handed each of us a foil, just to make us feel we were going to get somewhere, and told us how to put our feet.

"Now take a step with your right foot," he ordered, "and bend your knees."

I did and said, "Ouch."

"More," he commanded.

"It's awfully uncomfortable," Beth remarked.

He nodded. "If it's uncomfortable, the position is correct."

"H'm," I said. "Then my stance must be wonderful."

Right away my left knee went "creak!"

"See?" I said. "Arthritis. All those things you said I didn't have. I'm going to get 'em."

The dentist got me in that awful position, theoretically ready to spit the enemy on my weapon if I could get out of the crouch, and then left me while he got Beth arranged again. I tried to straighten up, slow and easy so he wouldn't catch me at it, but both knees creaked, and gave me away. He snapped, "En garde!" so back I went. He turned out to be quite a masterful man with a foil in his hand. I might have known he would be—he's wicked with a dental drill, too.

He had to turn Beth's wrist round and move her elbow and adjust her shoulder. He paid so little attention to my stance that if I hadn't known I'm one of the awkward of the earth I might have thought I was good at it.

He kept saying, "Straighten your back," and I'd try, but I couldn't please him.

By the time Mr. Fontaine showed up, in a white outfit and wearing a kind of tight-fitting jacket affair, Beth and I were so tired that we just dissolved on to a chair and watched the two men.

They saluted, with an involved whipping and jingling of their thin, flexible blades, and then went at it.

"If I ever stretched like that," I told Beth, "nobody could ever put me together again."

She didn't hear me. She had her hands clasped together, and her eyes were shining with admiration.

But when we had finished our lesson, and I was wondering whether my persecuted frame would totter as far as my car, I heard Doctor Marble ask Beth whether she'd like to go to a movie, and the girl said no! She didn't say it right out, but she made it plain enough, with her talk about having to grade papers and prepare lesson plans.

The dentist smiled and said, "Sometime when you're not so busy, then," but he was obviously disappointed.

So was I. Even if the girl was

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Beth was fussing about Dr. Marble, while the others looked on in silent enjoyment.

busy getting squared round to her new job, in her first teaching position, she could still find time for a date on Sunday. At least I could have, at her age, but maybe I wasn't very ambitious for a career. She wasn't either, I thought. Teaching was a job, and one about which she worried. She needed something to take her mind off it. Doctor Marble was the kind of young fellow who could take a girl's mind off practically anything.

I'm not the subtle type, like Letitia, so I asked Beth right out one day why she wouldn't go places with Dr. Marble, when she seemed perfectly willing to continue with the fencing lessons.

She was silent for a moment. Then she answered slowly, "I'll tell you, Miss Bunny, but it's just between us girls. I was going to be married, but we broke up. That was back home. I don't want to face anything like that again—enough's enough. I'd like to have men for friends, but not for anything more. Can't a girl do that?"

"You're not taking any very serious step when you go to a movie," I said. "Anyway, I've done it, and nothing startling developed."

She managed to smile. "But I'd be under obligations that way. I won't be under obligations. When we fence, that's different. I'm just a pupil then, not a clinging vine."

"No," I agreed, "clinging vines don't usually flourish a sword."

"If I could carry my share, I wouldn't mind. If it were a picnic or something, where I could bring part of the food, I'd feel different about it. But I won't be dependent. There'll be no sweet romances for Elizabeth."

So that's how I happened to go on with the fencing lessons, contrary to my better judgment. That way she got to see Dr. Marble.

I had to sleep with an electric heating-pad for five nights after every lesson, and it ran my light bill up simply terribly. Believe it or not, I lasted through seven lessons before this earthly clay of mine stopped screaming with stiffness five days out of every week.

I got so I just loved Tuesdays, because I wasn't stiff on Tuesdays, and I loved Wednesdays up to seven o'clock, when the lesson began.

After the fourth lesson, Mr. Fontaine took me on as a pupil. He was a hard master and tended to get very stern when my fingers didn't work right or my shoulders didn't suit him. He'd enforce discipline by hitting my foil a crack with his, so that it flipped right out of my hand and clanged on the floor over in a corner, and when I'd glare at him, he'd glare right back. I never could stay in the low squat he insisted upon, so he was always barking, "Siddown!" or "Watch your feet!" Whatever I did, he worried me about something else.

One thing that kept me going was the forlorn hope that some day I'd get handy enough to stab him.

While I was struggling along with "disengage" and "parry in quarte"—and I did that better than "parry in sixte"—Beth was learning a language far advanced.

The doctor would prance lithely back and forth with a foil in his gloved hand, barking, "Coupe disengage lunge! Parry riposte! Drop your back shoulder. Beat, one, two, attack! Double change. Again. Lunge! No, no, take my tempo. Advance, beat, disengage! Allez!"

Maybe not all that at once, but enough of it to sound impressive, while I couldn't even please Mr. Fontaine with the way I dropped my wrist.

And after all my romantic intrigue and physical suffering on behalf of Beth and the dentist, what do you suppose happened? Mr. Fontaine asked me to go to a dance! I started burbling something about papers to correct.

"You said you seldom bring papers home," he reminded me severely.

"As a matter of fact," I broke down and told him, "I can't dance."

"Then we will go to a movie," he announced.

"It would be nice—the four of us," I suggested, so he asked Dr. Marble and Beth, and they were willing. Letitia Rhodes saw us when we went to the theatre, and gave me a knowing wink.

From then on, we had more foursome arrangements, to which I consented because Beth and the dentist could see each other that way—and Beth really liked the dentist a lot. They'd break into sudden, understanding laughter together, and they had their favorite jokes and wisecracks. But as soon as Beth happened to remember her intention never to become romantically involved, you could see her face and her manner change so that she would be just a good fellow instead of a girl who was adored by a personable young man.

Apparently Mr. Fontaine didn't know I didn't think he was the most interesting man on earth, or maybe he didn't care. Because one evening he dropped in to call on me without warning. Perhaps I should have been warned by all his suggestions about trips we could take and public affairs we could go to, but my romantic interest was only in Beth and the dentist, so I had always included them, assuming that was what Mr. Fontaine meant to do in the first place.

But here he showed up at my house unexpectedly, sat on the edge of a chair, arranged himself neatly, and cleared his throat. After a few false starts he asked whether I didn't ever find it lonely to live by myself.

I said brightly, "No, I love it."

He veered round to the weather, and then said he didn't like his furnished room much. I was just about to tell him I didn't take roomers when he leaned forward with an ardent glare and came out with it. "Miss Bunny—Beulah, I might say—have you ever thought of getting married?"

I stifled an impulse to answer, "Who doesn't, silly?" and replied lightly, but with emphasis, "Dear me, no. It would be too upsetting."

After he'd gone, I chuckled to myself all the rest of the evening.

Then it occurred to me that if I had discouraged Mr. Fontaine too completely, there wouldn't be any more good chances for Beth to see the dentist, unless she really came out of her shell, which I didn't expect. So when she suggested a picnic for the four of us, I told her it was all right with me; she could mention it to both the men, and we'd make the arrangements. Spring was going along nicely, and the weather was getting really bright and warm.

She brought it up at the next fencing lesson.

"Let's make it a Sunday morning picnic by the river," she said. "There's a nice grassy place there where you men could fence. I always did want to see a couple of men in white shirts fighting a duel on the green sward at sunrise."

Mr. Fontaine frowned. "The grass would be slippery."

Dr. Marble laughed. "You might be glad for the experience some time, Charley, if somebody should challenge you."

"I'll make flapjacks," I offered, "while you're fencing." Then, for Mr. Fontaine's benefit, I explained: "Flapjacks are pancakes, but you don't turn them with a knife; you flap them by giving the frying-pan a quick jerk. Not everyone can do it, but I learned young."

"With maple syrup," Beth said dreamily.

"U'm'm'm. All right," Mr. Fontaine agreed.

Beth and I went to the store on Saturday afternoon with a shopping list of groceries to buy. We ran into Dr. Marble on the street, so I shoved the list into Beth's hand with some cooked-up excuse about another errand, and they had to get the groceries together. Buying groceries with a man usually makes a girl feel domestic and capable, I've found, because men seem so dumb about it. When I met them a few minutes later, Beth was piling packages into Dr. Marble's arms, and they were both laughing.

We put the stuff in my car and then drove over the bridge to see what the firewood situation was at our chosen picnic spot. The Indians camp over there sometimes when they come into town to do their trading, and being sensible people, they don't carry wood if they can find it on the spot.

Beth gasped when we came to the end of the trail by the river. "Look!" she whispered. "Indians here!"

"Don't fret yourself," I told her with some impatience. I can't see any sense in being afraid of Indians. "There's only one tepee up. They mind their own business."

But the dentist was smarter than I. He took hold of Beth's hand and walked beside her so that her shoulder touched him. He didn't say anything. I decided it was all right for Beth to be afraid of Indians.

We found a good place for the fire, but there was no wood, so I said we'd bring some from my own woodpile. I'm no Boy Scout. The older I get the more I like my comforts.

A brown-faced youngster about four years old peeked at us from behind a bush, disappeared, came back for another look, and then ran off, shrieking. His mother came out of the tepee and yelled something.

"Good gracious, I know her," I said. "That's Ruthie Blackhorse. She was a pupil at the school." I was about to go over and say hello, when I realised it wouldn't be smart to make an Indian woman look so harmless; then the dentist wouldn't have anything in particular to protect Beth from. But the woman came over to me.

"Hello, Miss Bunny. How're you?"

"Fine, Ruthie, fine. Is that your big boy we saw?"

"One of 'em." She looked at me, with never a glance for the others, so I didn't introduce her, because I knew she didn't want me to.

She went on being silent, and an Indian's silence can be pretty disconcerting, so I had to say something. "We're just looking round," I gabbled, "to see how things are. We're coming down for a picnic tomorrow morning. Won't disturb you, will we?"

She shrugged. "It's a free country. We're going on when my old man comes back. Come see my baby." She turned her back and I followed her. The baby was a fat brown healthy one, asleep inside the door of the tepee. I admired it duly.

"Maybe I ought to warn you," I said. "This man—the dentist—and another man who works in the bank are going to pretend to have a duel to-morrow morning. There'll be a lot of clatter, but no bloodshed. They use fencing foils—things like swords, but they aren't sharp. They won't hurt each other."

She looked bland. "Then what's the sense of going to all the trouble?"

"Frankly, Ruthie," I had to confess, "I can't see any sense in it either. And here I've been doing it since the middle of the winter!"

She gave me a pitying smile and shrugged her shoulders again. "Good-bye," she said. I wish I could get rid of callers so effectively.

Beth and Dr. Marble had wandered pleasantly up the trail together, and I felt like an intruder when I caught up with them.

Beth stayed with me that night, so as not to disturb her landlady by getting up early on Sunday morning. We had as much fun as a couple of schoolgirls, trailing round in our housecoats, making cocoa and toast for ourselves, and comparing notes on our school problems—which included some of our fellow teachers.

"I like the way you live," Beth said. "You're free, and you have lots of fun. Some day I want to have a place of my own just like this, and live the way you do."

"Don't fool yourself," I warned her. "Don't let my single blessedness set you a bad example. It's not good for just anybody. You have to work into it, and first you have to get used to the idea. I like it, but you might not, and you might discover it in time to take steps."

She refused to take my warning seriously. "I know what I want," she insisted. When a gentle little thing like Beth tries to look grim and determined, it's incongruous.

Finally she went to bed in the spare room upstairs. We got up at five in the morning to load things in the car and drive over to pick up the men.

Beth was just stowing the frying-pan in the back seat when who should appear but Letitia Rhodes.

"Oh, good morning, good morning," she carolled. "I was afraid I'd be too late to catch you, and I didn't want to miss anything."

"You seldom do," I answered. "We're only going for a picnic."

Beth looked at her blankly.

Letitia shook her finger playfully. "Now, now, I know there's more to it than that. A little bird told me. People always say I have a nose for news, you know. The grocery man told me something was stirring, and so I knew there was going to be a duel. My, I'm glad I can see it."

"Letitia," I said as gently as I could, "there's not going to be any duel. Just fencing practice. And a picnic. It's not a public function."

She looked dreadfully disappointed. "No grudge fight?"

"Certainly not. And absolutely nothing you can put in the paper."

"Well, if there's not going to be any duel, I won't bother." She went off, looking disappointed.

Still boiling, I drove Beth over to pick up the men.

Please turn to page 20

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Passage to Marseilles . . .

1 **OUTBREAK** of war finds Capt. Freycinet (Claude Rains) on freighter bound for Marseilles, with skipper Capt. Malo (Victor Francen).

2 **DEVIL'S ISLAND ESCAPEES** picked up are Matrac (H. Bogart), Marius (P. Lorre), Garou (H. Dantine), Renault (P. Dorn), Petit (G. Tobias).

3 **THEIR LEADER** is Matrac, Fighting French journalist, who because he opposed appeasers was sent to Devil's Island on trumped-up murder charge.

4 **LEFT BEHIND** in France were Matrac's wife (Michele Morgan) and his small son (Gerald Perrau)

5 **FASCIST-MINDED** Major Duval (Sydney Greenstreet) opposed rescuing of convicts, tries to seize ship, but his mutiny is frustrated by Bogart and his followers.

6 **BEFORE** mutiny is quelled, a German patrol bomber is wirelessed. Marius, Garou, Matrac, Petit watch as it attacks and damages boat. Matrac brings bomber down with deck gun. Boat reaches England safely and men join in the fight against Hitler.

Escape expert as adviser

WHEN Warner Bros. decided to make "Passage to Marseilles," with its story of convicts escaping from Devil's Island, an escape expert, Rene Belbenoit, was invited to Hollywood as adviser.

There is not much Belbenoit does not know about escaping.

He was a prisoner on Devil's Island himself, and made a spectacular flight through jungle and swamp to freedom.

When nearly all Europe was still under Nazi control, Belbenoit wrote a manual for use by those who wished to escape from the Continent by the "underground railroad." This manual was prepared specially for those wanting to travel by the Mediterranean and Africa.

Belbenoit is also author of "Dry Guillotine."

His advice was invaluable to director Michael Curtiz and producer Hal B. Wallis for early scenes in the film showing the planning and carrying out of the Devil's Island escape. These two were also director and producer of "Casablanca," with escape from Europe as its theme.

This is the fifth film Curtiz has directed for Warner Bros. The others were "Captains of the Clouds," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "This is the Army."

"Passage to Marseilles" was made from the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screen play was written by Casey Robinson and Jack Moffitt.

"OGOLOMPTH!" said Robert John Watson
when interviewed . . . "Know something? My mother doesn't understand a word I say, but she catches on mighty fast . . . she knows, f'r instance, that I'll yell blue murder if I don't get a Johnson's rub-down straight after my bath . . . yes, sir, it's Johnson's for me."

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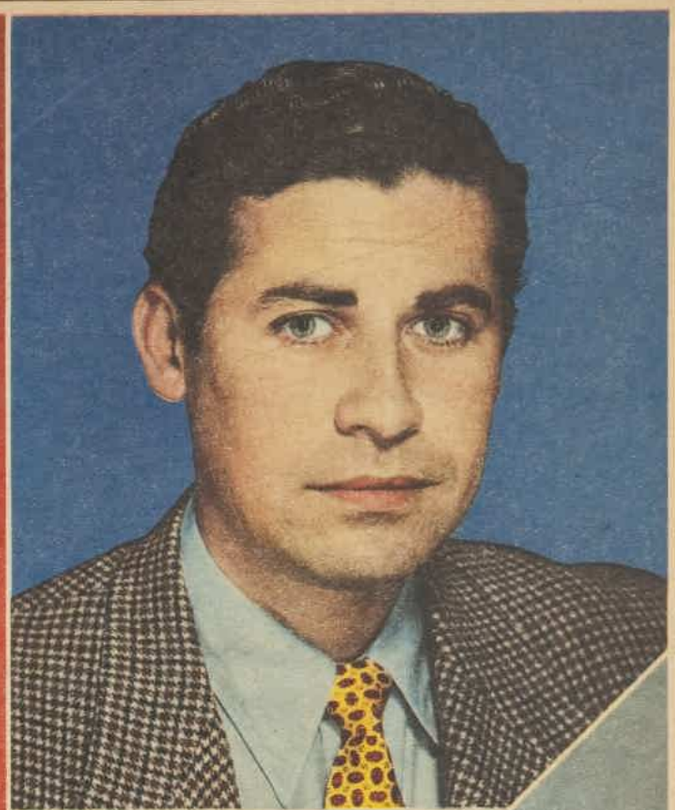
• LON McCALLISTER made his film debut as the young soldier called California in "Stage Door Canteen." Next film, "Winged Victory" for Fox, will feature the U.S. Army Air Forces. The film is being made from Moss Hart's Broadway hit and movie rights cost Fox Films a million dollars.



• JOHN HODIAK'S next film will be MGM's "Marriage is a Private Affair," with Lana Turner. For "Lifeboat" he was loaned by MGM to Fox.

Movie World

• ROBERT YOUNG will play next in MGM's film version of Oscar Wilde's "The Canterville Ghost." He will team with Charles Laughton as the ghost, and Margaret O'Brien.

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WHEN THERE ARE TRIPLETS IN THE HOME . . .

BARRY, eldest by half an hour of Baquie triplets, born on July 1 in Melbourne, weighed 6lb. 9¾oz.

SUSAN, youngest of three, was 6lb. 12¼oz. at birth. She has olive skin and long, dark hair.

RAYMOND, born second, weighed 6lb. 7¾oz. Boys are very alike, and fairer than Susan.

MRS. ERNEST BAQUIE with triplets, who make her day's work a full one.

SISTER JILL helps hang out babies' washing. It includes 72 napkins daily.

HAPPY FAMILY goes round the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Baquie with Barry (left), Susan, and Raymond in pram, daughter Jill, and dog Socks.

CHARACTERISTIC STUDY shows Susan smiling as usual. Mrs. Baquie can tell the boys apart only by their ears. Barry (left) has ears more closely set.

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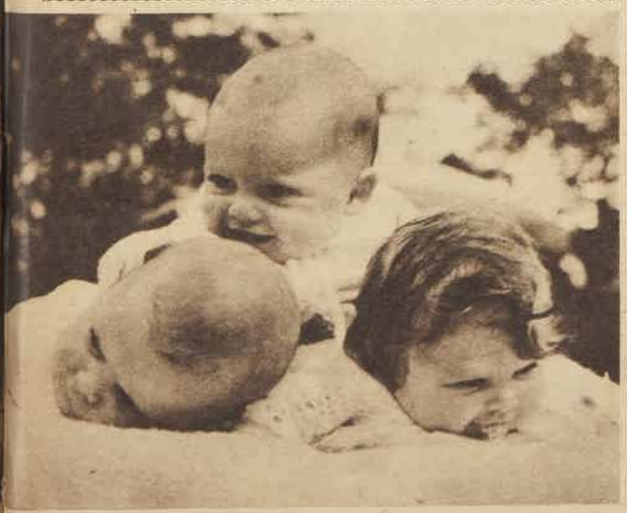
COOLING OFF one hot day, the Baquie triplets, Barry (left), Susan, and Raymond, have a splash in the tub. Ordinarily each of these model children is bathed separately at 9 a.m.

THE Baquie triplets, Susan, Raymond, and Barry, who are believed to have made a world birth-weight record when they arrived in Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, on July 1, are flourishing.

Their combined weight at birth was 19lb. 13½oz., and research into medical records did not reveal evidence of triplets surviving with a greater combined weight.

No cotton-wool swaddling or incubator care was necessary for any of these children of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baquie, of Black Rock, a Melbourne suburb. Mrs. Baquie was warned to expect twins, so made a good supply of clothes.

Mr. Baquie had served with Merchant Navy since July, 1942, but is now discharged on account of ill-health. While awaiting a job he is glad to be at home to help his wife.



TURNING COY after all this photography, Raymond (left), Barry, and Susan hang their heads and coo charmingly.

ON GUARD. Socks, the cocker spaniel, watches over the triplets on every fine day as they sleep in their cribs in the garden under the shelter of a beach umbrella.

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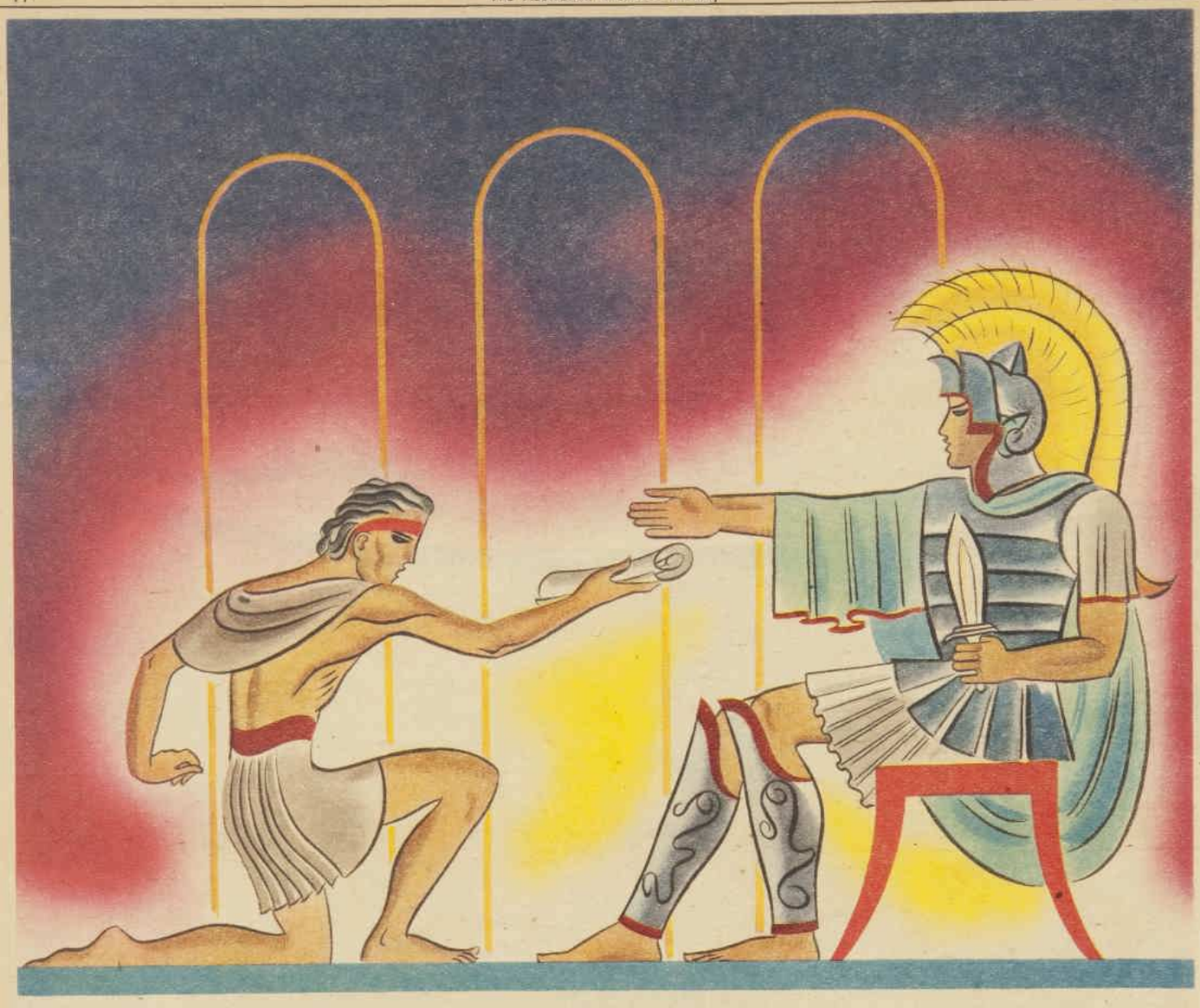

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AT BATTLE STATION, in Northern Australia: LAC J. L. Lehman, Lower Mitcham, S.A. (left), and LAC J. N. Turner, Port Lincoln, S.A., behind the gun. Photo sent by LAC Turner to his sister, Wanda Turner, Port Lincoln.

TANK ATTACK TROOP in New Guinea. Back Row (left to right): Sgt. Richards, Gnr. Russell, Gnr. Young, Bdr. Thomson, Gnr. Hopley, Gnr. Noack, all Victorians; Gnr. Murray, Tas.; Gnr. Battye, Vic.; Gnr. McKeahnie, Qld.; Gnr. Rusten, N.S.W. Centre Row (left to right): Bdr. Brown, Qld.; Gnr. Toomey, Vic.; Sgt. Ward, Vic.; Gnr. Sampson, N.S.W.; Gnr. Heron, Qld.; Sgt. Smith, Vic. Front Row (left to right): Sgt. Bowman, Vic.; Gnr. Jardine, Vic.; Gnr. Little, Vic.; Gnr. Eastick, Vic.; Gnr. Nelson, Qld.

Arrival of mail chases gloom

Arrival of mail at an R.A.A.F. station at Darwin is an effective gloomchaser.

A description of the camp before and after mail comes in is given by Corporal K. R. Fraser in a letter to his mother, Mrs. E. F. Fraser, 26 Gloucester Street, Prospect, S.A.

"THIS afternoon an abysmal gloom settled over our camp," writes Corporal Fraser. "For many of us it was rest day, and, strange as it may seem, rest day encourages gloom.

"The fellows give way to complete indolence, and do the worst of all things, for morale—they start thinking about home.

"Though these thoughts may be extremely pleasant they are apt to get one into a discontented mood. We were lying on our beds reading months-old newspapers, and carrying on desultory sort of conversations when there rang out that magical and much-longed-for cry, 'Mail's in.'

"The first bomb of an air-raid could not produce more immediate or sudden action.

"In a moment our lethargy was gone, and we ran for the Orderly Room, imparting the good news to the occupants of each tent we passed.

"More men sprang to life, and our little bunch swelled until, by the time we reached the mail window, it was a seething throng.

"The postal clerk, we are sure, can never receive letters as he alone of all these men remained calm, and was maddeningly slow as he sorted the mail.

"At last it was done, and delivery started: LAC Morgan, LAC Johnson, Cpl. Harper, LAC Morgan, Sgt. Baker, LAC Morgan—'Who is this Morgan?' someone shouted. 'How does he manage all those letters?'

"Eager faces, home-sick faces, love-sick faces—and disappointed faces. They were all there. There's always someone who misses out.

"There was the usual banter, 'Never mind, Bill. I'll give you a page of mine to read,' or, 'It looks as if the Yanks have got your girl.'

"Back to our tents we went to settle down and read this wonderful mail. Not just once, but over and over again, dwelling on every line.

"One lad, aged 19, and very much in love, went all starry-eyed, so we knew that he had had a letter from Joan. We all feel that we know each other's girl friends, as this community living encourages confidences.

"After letter reading was finished we told each other the interesting bits of news.

"Really, the change in atmosphere which mail produces must be seen to be appreciated fully.

"As soon as the evening meal was finished there was a rush for the recreation-room to start replying to all this grand mail. Soon the place was crowded. A terrific din was going on—with the fellows intermittently writing and talking—and laughing at incidents read out to them from others' letters."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Cpl. F. J. Cassidy, in New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. M. Cassidy, 5 Berrell Street, Booral, Qld.:

"BERT and I have been spending a bit of time lately beautifying our tent. We have planted small palm trees and have built a rockery out of white coral all round it.

"If we can't be at home we like to feel at home. We sit outside the tent and puff away at the old pipes, and as Bill doesn't smoke he doesn't appreciate the delicate droma.

"We have been trying to think up a suitable name, but so far haven't been successful."

THREE GUNNERS in Dutch New Guinea. Left to Right: Herb. Marler, Leichhardt, N.S.W.; Jim Nolan, Wagga, N.S.W., and Gunner Dick Tavener, Paddington, N.S.W. Sent by Miss Nita Tavener, 21 Stafford St., Paddington, N.S.W.

WE thank all users of MOYGASHEL fabrics throughout the country for their support in the past and assure them that, although quantities produced will be much restricted this year, we shall do our utmost to satisfy their needs. Should they, however, have been unable to obtain MOYGASHEL fabrics we ask their indulgence.

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Foxhole and family Hearth are not so far apart with the PHOTOGRAPH *from* HOME

"Many a time when the eternal nag of Jap and jungle has squeezed the last ounce of optimism out of a man's soul, I have seen a glimpse of a photograph from home send his spirits soaring—bring him back to a state of calm, sane hope." (From a soldier's letter.)

These words from one of our fighting men strikingly reveal the morale-building, heart-gladdening value of the snapshots you send them.

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Are you STILL looking for your summer hat?

NOT QUITE HATLESS . . . This lass goes out at night with a drape of black net (from the flounce of an old evening gown) covering her head.

HOW MUCH? "I wouldn't dare go in and ask the price!" That's to-day's reaction of the hatless legions to the sight of this summer's millinery windows.

MISS BETH CRENNAN, Sydney secretary, models three hats she made from left-overs. This rose-shaped model is of brown wool crepe and apple-green satin. Total cost 4/d, for ribbon which holds it on her head.

PLAITED two-color taffeta left-overs made on a crown. The front twist undoes to form a back drape when the hat is worn the other way round.

POWDER-PUFF HAT. Rows of black net cut from old evening frock were gathered on to a small crown. Miss Crennan makes all her own hats, and has dozens for the cost of one bought model. She says they are easy to make.

Girls go hatless or else turn milliner to combat high prices

By VICKI ANDERSON

There's an old rule of etiquette which says that no real lady ever leaves her front door without her hat on.

If that holds good to-day, then trying to be a lady this summer will prove such an unequal struggle that if you come through it with your head covered and unbowed we'll take our hats off to you (if we have any).

OF course, if you already have a good supply of hats (renovated pre-war stocks) then your lady status is in no danger.

Same applies if you have a good supply of money.

For if you MUST buy a hat, you'll get a five-guinea bill for one which would have cost you two guineas before the war.

Lacking guineas, but having talent with needle, your only course of action is to turn home-milliner.

But if you're not in any of these categories, you may as well wash your hands of the whole affair and swell the ranks of the hatless legions.

On a busy city corner the other day, five out of every 10 of hundreds of women and girls passing by were hatless.

On a 5.30 p.m. tram, 20 out of 30 women (17 years to 50) hadn't even a wisp of tulle on their heads.

You'll usually find in any city business office that less than 30 per cent. of the girls and women have a hat to their name.

On a wage of £3/12/-, a typical 22-year-old business girl's weekly budget, which definitely excluded high-priced millinery, is: Board £2, fares 5/-, and lunches 5/-, leaving her, if she's lucky, 22/- with which to meet dentist's or doctor's bills, insurance, clothes, cosmetics, toothpaste, soap, and entertainment.

In one practically hatless office, a poll to find out why the girls and women possessed no hat or had only one or two, which they kept for special occasions, was conducted.

Pretty 19-year-old clerk Gwen Tanner, Allen's Parade, Bondi Junction, had most of the girls with her all the way when she said:

"I love hats, but not at their present prices. I've long since given up trying to find a hat which combined just these two simple things—reasonable price and reasonable attractiveness. I scouted town for weeks, but couldn't even find a fossil."

Gwen and the rest of the girls consider that a dressy type of hat of good basic material shouldn't cost more than one to two guineas.

"I don't mean the so-called exclusive models in the small milliners' shops," said Gwen. "If customers of these shops like to pay fantastic prices in accordance with whatever value they place on the milliner's fantastic artistry, then that's their misfortune.

"But I think anyone who pays the four, five, and even seven guineas for the ordinary factory-made hats on sale this summer is plainly a mad-hatter."

Twenty-three-year-olds Wayne Emery, Potts Point, and Marie Lawes, Collingwood Street, Manly, were hatless last summer—intend staying that way this season.

Said Marie: "Even if you do complete your smart and expensive outfit with an equally smart and expensive hat, you still don't feel really well-dressed without stockings.

"If we can't have stockings, why bother about hats? I'd rather hoard precious coupons for clothes."

Wayne, who never sticks to one hair-do for more than two days at a stretch, laughed.

"No hats could ever catch up with my weird and wonderful hair-do's," she said, "not without my spending a fortune at present prices.

"Anyway, what's nicer than neat, well-groomed hair framing the face, instead of some of the unflattering fantasies which get by as hats."

Although many older women are still clinging to their hats, the majority seem to be doing so not from etiquette considerations, but because they believe the right type of hat is flattering, softening, and helps take ten years from their age.

"That's, of course, if you're lucky enough to find the right hat this summer," said one of them, Miss M. Wilmot, Mission Rd., Cremorne. "I do think a hat is indispensable to the older woman, but the milliners don't seem to be catering for us any more.

"Very few of us older women look right with a wisp of nonsense poised over one eye, unless the wisp happens to be a model of inspired design."

While milliners, wholesale and retail, deplore the hatless vogue, the hatless deplore the growing hat prices, and this summer the tug-of-war rope between the two is really taut.

Hats, according to an official of the Prices Commission, have been controlled in price for the past two years. Prices should be cost plus the margin of profit enjoyed in April, 1942.

But, as one city business girl, with an eye for values, said:

"Before the war I could buy a smart summer straw of good design and material for as little as 25/-. To-day I find I'd be lucky to buy a straw of similar grade for four guineas."

Wholesale milliners say the increase in price is absorbed in cost, not in profit.

Reasons they give for cost increases are: Shortage of labor, high salaries demanded by skilled milliners, shortage of raw materials, and difficulties in importing materials.

Managing director of one leading wholesale firm said his staff was down to 45 per cent. of pre-war strength.

"We have neither the material nor the manpower for the large-scale production of cheap hats. Our output of hats has been slowed down so much that if I could notify retailers I had 1000 hats for immediate sale, I'd be killed in the rush."

Apart from silk and cotton braids, wholesalers claim the only straws being employed on the Australian market to-day are synthetic rapal imported from Switzerland and Ecuador, and panama from South America.

Hemp-cloth is being treated and processed by some firms to resemble a coarse baku straw.

Some, but very few, firms have the remnants of pre-war stocks of straws, but the main straws which flooded pre-war markets are now more or less museum pieces.

Importing of Swiss rapal braids and hoods, according to one wholesaler, is a costly business.

"After leaving Switzerland, the straws may lie in store at Lisbon for as long as 12 months before being shipped under heavy war insurance elsewhere, and then on to Australia, where, in addition to foregone costs, an import duty of 65 per cent. has to be met," he said.

This wholesaler supported the claims of retailers who say the prices of their millinery, whether made of straw or rag, are rigidly controlled.

However, one girl of our acquaintance, after seeing a red cotton snood caught up in front with a 2/6 bunch of flowers priced at five guineas in a leading city store, has decided to turn home-milliner for the few occasions on which she is not one of the hatless brigade.

She studies the five and six-guinea models, haunts a millinery store where every millinery requisite from hoods, braids, and trimmings is on sale, and then whips up professional-looking fantasies in no time.

Some of her teachers have been fellow office girls who can boast of:

- Models made from bits of ribbon and scraps of stiffened lace from evening frocks.
- Pancake berets with chocolate boxes as foundations.
- A black Armored Divvie beret converted into a French sailor hat by covering a strip of cardboard with black silk and running it round the inside of the crown as a headband.

ANYTHING'S A HAT to-day. This is an old crown turned upside down and filled with flowers.

Unwelcome customers

WHEN shopping for a hat, avoid the most exclusive milliners unless you are rigged out in your jewels and furs.

In your neat but not gaudy office togs—even though you may happen to be among the £1000-a-year earners — you are anathema to some of these.

"I tell by the dress of women whether or not they can pay the prices of my hats," said one. "Office girls and dowdy women who come in wanting to try on hats are wasting my time, so I just tell them I've got nothing to suit them, and get rid of them as soon as I can."

The new hat order!

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Editorial

DECEMBER 2, 1944

THE REBIRTH OF FRANCE

THE arrival of a victorious French army on the bank of the Rhine will greatly hasten France's re-emergence as a unified and powerful nation.

In 1940, the German armies smashed French resistance with terrifying speed and completeness.

The British countries, left facing Germany alone, were understandably bitter.

They looked back at pre-war France, and dwelt on the political divisions, the corruption in high places, that had led to the disaster.

The French people, they felt, deserved the ill fate that had fallen on them.

Fortunately, the Free French (afterwards the Fighting French) armies were soon formed.

These proved that the spirit of France was by no means dead.

Stories of underground bravery among the Partisans began to trickle through to the free world.

Saboteurs were executed by the Germans, and thousands of hostages were shot.

Still the work of defiance and destruction increased.

As soon as the Allied armies landed in Normandy, the French themselves cleared huge areas of their country of the Nazi intruders.

The trial and punishment of those who "collaborated" during the occupation offers further proof that France is determined to make a fresh start.

The new triumph of French arms, based on French soil, will give the French people themselves a new self-confidence — a feeling that they are honorably earning a place in the world of the future.

Book of "Letters From Our Boys"

A FAMILIAR SIGHT in every canteen and Service hut—men of the fighting Services writing letters home.

SINCE the first year of the war The Australian Women's Weekly has been publishing every week letters from men in the Services.

They have provided such an intimate, first-hand record of the war in all theatres that we decided they should be preserved in a more permanent way.

We have now published some of these letters in a book —"The Boys Write Home."

Every one of the thousands of letters printed in The Australian Women's Weekly and read in The Australian Women's Weekly radio session is worthy of a place in any permanent record of the war, but because of wartime limitations we had to select from this wealth of material only two hundred-odd letters.

"The Boys Write Home" gives a more personal and intimate picture of Australia's fighting men than any history of the war could do.

It describes his reaction to the good times and the bad times, the victories and failures, the hilarious fun and the heartbreaks in the day-to-day life of the soldier, sailor, and airman.

Service chiefs

GENERAL SIR THOMAS BLAMEY, Sir Guy Royle, and Air Vice-Marshal G. Jones have each written a foreword for the book.

In his foreword to the section of letters from the Royal Australian Navy, Admiral Sir Guy Royle, Chief of the Naval Staff, says:

"The book here made by The Australian Women's Weekly is of singular value in that the letters written, in a period of events of absorbing interest and of vital importance, come from many writers in the Services who are themselves actors in these events . . .

"The Australian Women's Weekly is to be congratulated on having produced a book which is not only of present but of lasting interest, when the present will be reflected to readers of the years to come."

General Sir Thomas Blamey, C.-in-C. of the Australian Military Forces, writes in his foreword to letters from the Army:

"The spirit of the soldier in the field can be judged in no better way than by his letters which he sends home to the ones he loves.

"This book, representing as it does a cross section of letters from the field, reveals all the humor, courage and indomitable spirit of the typical Australian soldier, and thus is a valuable contribution to the literature of the war . . ."

Air Vice-Marshal G. Jones, Chief of the Air Staff, in his foreword to the letters from the R.A.A.F., says:

"These letters reflect the Australian's boisterous humor, his dogged endurance, and unswerving loyalty to his mates, his abiding love of country, and his especial preference for that little bit of it which belongs to him."

There are vivid descriptions of the A.I.F.'s first days under fire in the Battle of Bardia, when they went in singing "Roll Out the Barrel," of the awful days of retreat in Greece, the dogged, heartbreaking fighting in Malaya, and the later desert campaigns in the Middle East, finishing with the deathless triumph of El Alamein.

The Army letters conclude with weary but still cheerful letters from the men who fought their way over the Owen Stanleys to win the Buna-Gona campaign.

Many of the incidents related in the simple language of a soldier writing home to his family have since been recorded in official booklets.

Historic incidents

YOU will read of the battle of Milne Bay, when, for the first time, the Japanese were turned back; and the heartbreaking discovery that the Japanese were using tanks—with headlights . . .

A sailor's tribute to a fine ship when he watched the H.M.A.S. Nestor sink . . .

The story of the two privates who, through mistaken identity, accepted the official surrender of a French town in the Syrian campaign . . .

An inspiring letter from a father to his young son telling him how the Maoris sang "Haere Ra," the Maori's Farewell, as their ship sank beneath them off the coast of Greece . . .

A young airman's description of his first solo flight, in which he records the same exuberant reaction that probably every one of our thousands of airmen has felt: "I let out a loud yippee, then I said 'whee,' followed by an exultant 'yarooooh'."

The book is compiled by Adele Shelton Smith, who has conducted the section, "Letters From Our Boys," since its inception in 1940. The page was begun with a few letters brought in by girls in The Australian Women's Weekly office.

Then relatives of servicemen were invited to send in letters, and responded immediately. The mail increased until we were receiving hundreds every week.

We wish to thank the mothers, wives, and friends of servicemen who made the book possible by sending their letters to us.

Since the letters were first published we have obtained the latest possible news about the writer of each letter published in "The Boys Write Home."

Many of them have endured frightful privations or injuries, but are back "on the job" again.

Some have been discharged because of their injuries or ill-health.

Others have been awarded decorations.

Some of them will never read their letters in this book. They will write no more letters home.

YARNS FROM THE BOOK

"WHEN I was down at the river getting water, I put my arm in and a young alligator almost swallowed it . . .

"I happened to touch his tonsils, and must have tickled them, for the darn thing laughed like hell and I pulled my arm out quick and lively."

Informal

". . . I saw an extraordinary incident on the wharf in Singapore. Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Commander-in-Chief out here, was on the wharf.

"One Australian from Perth came down the gangway, and caught sight of a very senior officer wearing large quantities of Air Force ribbons.

"He coolly blew up to Brooke-Popham and said: 'Say, mate, what rank did they give you for all those ribbons?'

"'Oh! I'm only C.-in-C. here.'

"To the amazement of all the aides the lad said: 'Well, I'm very pleased to meet you,' and shook hands with B.P."

Retort

"A news correspondent and a couple of brass hats were doing the after-supper stroll round the camp in the blackout when they saw someone swinging along with a lighted lantern.

"One of the officers called out: 'Who's there?'

"The reply came like a shot, 'Florence blooming Nightingale.'"

"The Boys Write Home" is on sale at all booksellers and at our offices, 168 Castlereagh Street. The price is 2/9.

Interesting People

LADY WELSH

. . . Director British W.A.A.F.

MEMBER of British Women's Auxiliary Air Force since 1939, and director since 1943, Air-Commandant Lady Welsh received nation-wide congratulations on splendid record of service when W.A.A.F. attained fifth birthday recently. The W.A.A.F., of which Duchess of Gloucester is Air Chief Commandant, works side by side with R.A.F. at home and overseas. Lady Welsh is wife of Air-Marshal Sir William Welsh, head of R.A.F. delegation in Washington.

DR. B. G. MAEGRAITH

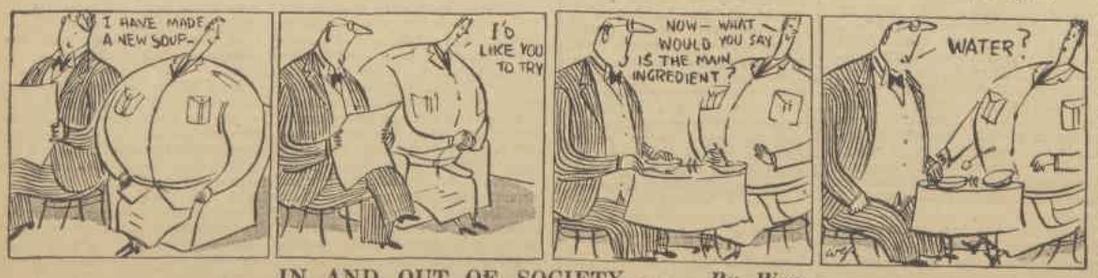
. . . new honor for Australian

WITH his recent appointment as professor of tropical medicine, University of Liverpool, former South Australian Rhodes Scholar, 37-year-old Professor Brian G. Maegraith, holds senior chair of the faculty in Great Britain, Dean of Medical Faculty, Oxford. Was youngest dean of medicine in Oxford's history, gaining the distinction at age of 31. Has been on active service with British Army since 1939. Is brigadier, R.A.M.C.; chief adviser to War Office on malarial diseases.

MISS DOROTHY KNAGGS

. . . important secretarial work

HOME in Australia on leave from British Foreign Office after six years' absence, Miss Dorothy Knaggs, of Sydney, has held important secretarial jobs in England and Middle East. All through London blitz worked at B.B.C. and at Navy Office, Australia House. Later was attached to Foreign Office, and was among first civilians sent to Algiers after Allied occupation. Also worked at British Legation, Cairo.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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FASHION NOTE. Two pretty sisters, Mrs. John Loneragan and Yvonne Nelson, lunch at Prince's. Yvonne's dusty-pink eyeleted curvette, softly trimmed with matching veiling, matches her frock. Mrs. Loneragan's multi-colored print is offset by coolie straw hat trimmed with bows of grosgrain.

On and Off Duty.

CHATELAINE of new Indian High Commissioner's residence at Canberra, his daughter Shakuntala Paranjpye is, I believe, artist's dream of beauty—and that not only from Oriental standards.

On her arrival in Australia she wears national dress to which she always clings—coral colored sari and embroidered slippers—which will add blaze of color on International Mugga Way, Canberra. In spite of glowing red caste mark on forehead, Shakuntala is probably as modern in her outlook as any Australian woman.

She has degree of Bachelor of Science of Bombay University, and Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge, England.

• • •

ALSO acquisition to diplomatic circles is Shakuntala's small daughter, Sai (which means "friend"), who is author of book of fairy stories, "Sweets For the Kiddies," published when she was seven years old. For her arrival costume Sai chooses rakishly worn pillbox cap. Her grey-blue eyes, legacy from her Russian father, whom Shakuntala has since divorced, twinkled as she set foot on Australian soil. She wore emerald satin jacket with white trousered legs ending in slippers with turned-up toes.

• • •

ALL three members of new household—the Commissioner (Sir Raghunath Paranjpye), his daughter (Shakuntala), and Sai — are authors. Family expect to arrive in Canberra this week.

• • •

DATE for your diary: Younger Set of Neutral Bay War Comforts work party's children's Christmas party this Saturday in rectory grounds of Rev. Kenderdine, 89 Wycombe Road, Neutral Bay.

MARRIED IN SWITZERLAND. Flight-Lieutenant Frederic Eggleston, R.A.A.F., son of Australian Minister to U.S.A., Sir Frederic Eggleston, and his bride, pretty Swiss girl Heidi Tagman, whom he met while interned at Arosa, Swiss winter sports resort, after escaping from P.O.W. camp. He was shot down in Libya in 1942. Now has job at British Legation, Berne.

COVER GIRL. Bob Hope with Elizabeth Ann Kelynack. This picture was taken in color by our photographer when Bob visited Sydney recently. It was used as a cover of our issue dated November 11, and the name of the little girl was then wrongly given as Elaine Morris. Elizabeth Ann's father is a prisoner-of-war in Malaya. She is daughter of Sergeant John Kelynack, A.I.F., and Mrs. Kelynack, of Lane Cove.

COUNTRY interest when Hazel Antill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Antill, of Nyngan, announces her engagement to Corporal Charles Stephens, R.A.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Stephens, of "Deloraine," Bangalow. Couple announce engagement in Sydney when Charles comes on leave from Darwin.

UNUSUAL claw square-set solitaire diamond engagement ring being worn by Gwenda Fox, who announces engagement to AC2 Barry Pearson, R.A.A.F., of Parkes. Gwenda is younger daughter of late Mr. A. Fox and of Mrs. Fox, of Kirribilli, formerly of New Zealand. Barry intends resuming University studies after war.

LOVELY BRIDE. Lieut. Alex Macleod, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Macleod, formerly Eve Playfair, leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with best man, Squadron-Leader Peter Gibbes, R.A.A.F., and bride's sister, Judy, who was bridesmaid.

FOUR SISTERS. Alison Stephen (left) and twin sisters, Mrs. Charles McDermott and Mrs. James Crawford, of Mayfield, Orange, toast their sister, Mrs. Robert Melville, formerly Gwyneth Stephen, after her marriage to Major Melville. Ceremony took place in drawing-room of Dr. and Mrs. Charles McDermott at Granville.

SO much interest in new U.S. Legation at Canberra that Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson, wife of popular U.S. Minister, finds it hard to cope with crowds. One day when 700 people came to see Legation, Mrs. Johnson was forced, I believe, to have sign put out that Legation was not open to public! However, this gracious first lady of American Legation in Canberra takes conducted tours of all her friends through house, so that when official opening takes place they will know layout of lovely mansion.

• • •

MEET Mrs. Hope Gibson, who tells me she's thrilled at news from composer Frank Hutchens telling her that he has composed number, "Lullaby to Three Blind Mice," for Killara Music Club's thirteenth Christmas Party. Frank and Lindley Evans will give piece, which is written for two pianos, "world premiere performance" when they play it at party which is to be held at Martin Hall, Killara, on December 6. Last year Frank wrote "Christmas Bells," which, by the way, has just been published in New York, for party, so it looks as if he plans to make it an annual affair.

• • •

AFTER absence of nearly five years, Mrs. John Pirrett is expecting her husband, Sub-Lieut. John Pirrett, R.A.N., home shortly. One of Mrs. Pirrett's proudest possessions is personal letter of congratulations to her husband from Lord Louis Mountbatten when John was serving under him in invasion of Sicily, and was mentioned in dispatches.

• • •

OPENING November 30, week's music festival organised by C.E.M.A. (Council for Encouragement Music and the Arts) in conjunction with Children's Library Movement, at Philip Park Children's Library, Philip Park.

AIR FORCE INTEREST. Corporal Patricia Sanders, W.A.A.A.F., and her Air Force fiance, LAC Rex Purvis-Smith, R.A.A.F., who just announce engagement. Pat is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sanders, of Darling Point.

IF it's Christmas presents you're worrying about, I believe there's going to be lovely toys, children's coupon-free clothes, and lots of lovely gifts at R.A.A.F. Welfare Centre Carnival this Saturday, commencing at 3 p.m. To keep the merriment going, a dance has been arranged at 8.30 p.m.

Joyce

PLANNING ENTERTAINMENT for serving and ex-Service personnel are members of State R.S.S.A.I.L.A. Headquarters youth group. Joan Bracey (left), Thora Groat, and Lilian Check arrange harbor cruise for December 9, Christmas Revel Ball on December 22 at Anzac House temporary premises in Elizabeth Street.

DIPLOMATIC TRAINEES. Youthful third secretaries with Department of External Affairs, Julia Drake-Brockman (left), Alf Body, Diana Hodgkinson, R. P. Throssell, Alan Renough, chat to Gaetane Pesnel, of French Legation staff, at party in Canberra. Diplomatic trainees are popular guests at Capital's parties.

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What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Modernise bushfire control

WITH Australia undergoing one of the worst droughts on record, the bushfire menace has once again burnt out thousands of acres of forest lands.

The estimated loss last summer was round the £8,000,000 mark. This money could have been used by the Federal and State Governments in providing modern apparatus and systems to combat effectively one of our country's greatest dangers.

All bushfire precautionary measures should be controlled by the Federal Government in an up-to-date, long-range plan, worked through the State Governments.

Why haven't the most modern U.S. and Canadian forest fire-fighting and checking systems been introduced out here?

These methods, combining steel observation towers, manned by round-the-clock "spotters," with telephone, portable radio and planes, have reduced serious outbreaks to a minimum.

Forest fires are held within 15-mile areas. The trained fire-fighting squads swing into action within 15 minutes of receipt of reports.

£1 to Miss D. Locke, Harmony, Richmond Park, Gordon East, N.S.W.

Nutritious lunches

WHY do not more mothers cut tasty school lunches for their children?

The idea of giving a child the money with which to buy his midday meal is ridiculous and extravagant.

Nutritious sandwiches, fruit, and home-made cake are surely better than pie or pastry, and sometimes sweets, purchased by kiddies as their luncheon.

5/- to Mrs. D. Wayne, 8 Canterbury Terrace, Black Forest, S.A.

Christmas shopping

WITH Christmas shopping coming on, Sydney's big city department stores might favorably consider the introduction of a feature that has proved a wonderful aid and boon to New Zealand women.

Large stores in Wellington and Auckland are very proud of the service they render with their special rest and play rooms for kiddies, and trained assistants in attendance.

This service enables the mothers to leave their children in capable hands while they shop.

It relieves them of the necessity

of dragging fretful and tired youngsters round with them.

5/- to Miss Evelyn Stone, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W.

Selfishness or worry?

ARE people daily growing more selfish, or is it that they are too tired and worried to give a thought to others?

I'm astounded at the lack of consideration shown by the general public to one another. They jostle and push in crowds, rush in front of those who age or able to join in the hurly-burly, and show no respect either to the old or the maimed.

Although women have been forced to take their positions side by side with men and hurled into the field of labor, this does not excuse a man from being a gentleman. I consider it an act of great discourtesy for any man to retain a seat when any woman is standing.

5/- to Mrs. A. Dayton, Post Office Box 1, Chippendale, N.S.W.

Wife as anchor

"FED-UP WIFE" (4/11/44) has been making a great mistake. By going out to work she has given her husband no incentive to improve his financial position.

A man marries because he wants a wife and a home. He isn't fired with enthusiasm about a working partner whose first consideration is her job—outside the home.

There are two types of wives. There's the anchor and the sail.

"Fed-Up Wife" is an anchor. She hasn't helped her man to get anywhere. Let her give up her outside job, stay home, budget carefully, and create a happy home atmosphere.

She will soon find the man of the house zealous to do his bit and improve his financial position.

5/- to P. McNamara, 69 Rossmoyne St., N.17, Vic.

Adopting State wards

THE Child Welfare Department is continually appealing to people to board out State wards, but no guarantee is given by the Department to the potential guardian that the child will not be taken away at some future date.

It would be a far happier and satisfactory arrangement for both foster-parents and the child if these children could be adopted at the outset.

There must be thousands of people who would be only too happy to adopt a little one, but I don't think many would be eager to board-out a child only to have it taken away when they had begun to love it as their own.

And in regard to British war orphans, why can't they be brought to Australia for adoption now? There are thousands of warm hearts waiting to love these youngsters and nurse them back to health and forgetfulness of the blitz, yet I saw in one newspaper recently that British war orphans will not be sent to Australia until they are old enough to consent.

5/- to "Mother," The Ranch, Otago Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

Shady seats

SEATS which surround a tree do not take up much room, and, nicely painted, look quite picturesque. What a boon would be a sprinkling of seats to weary shoppers.

5/- to "Green Fingers."

Are women happiest at home?

WILL women prefer to go on working after the war?

The business woman is pictured as very happy in her war job, but I believe that she would prefer to work three times as hard in her own home.

Most don't want to follow a timetable, and do as they're instructed all day. Women enjoy managing a well-built and well-equipped home, but they do not enjoy living on the basic wage, and having to scrimp and scrounge.

They want the means to have a decent holiday once a year, to buy a few good clothes, and have a home to which they'll be proud to invite friends.

Few want to have their children looked after by paid help. Most

enjoy caring for them far more than punching the keys of a typewriter, or hastening to a "Forward, Miss Smith."

When the war is over, women will turn gladly to dish-washing, sweeping, and scrubbing if they have reasonable incomes, and satisfactory home conditions.

5/- to Mrs. H. T. Law, 146 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

"but isn't the war *nearly over?*"

General Blamey says "no"—and his opinion is backed by all the Allied Military experts. There are long and hard tasks ahead of our fighting men. You are needed to help them in that task. The A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S. must be built up to maximum strength so that every fit soldier can do a fighting job. Surely you won't stand back? The Army offers every healthy girl of 18 or over really *interesting* work, with good conditions, a happy environment, regular leave and excellent chances of promotion. You'll love the life—and your post-war career will be safeguarded. Think it over, but act *quickly!*

Talk it over at home—then apply to your local Army Women's Recruiting Depot, or Area Office.

JOIN THE

A.W.A.S. OR A.A.M.W.S.

A5.38

Beulah Bunny and the Lethal Blade

Continued from page 9

THEY both wore white shirts, according to instructions. The dentist handed Beth into the back seat with him, and we drove off.

There was no sign of life round the tepee, and we were quiet.

The men built the fire for us while I mixed the flapjack batter. But when I said, "Boys, get on with the show," Dr. Marble grinned and shook his head.

"Honestly, Miss Bunny, it seems just too silly. I can't face it."

"No duel, no breakfast," Beth warned.

Mr. Fontaine threw back his head and sniffed the bacon frying. He reminded me of the stag at bay. "I should enjoy a workout," he decided at once.

The two men walked out into the open meadow, saluted in the complicated, archaic way fencers use, and tore at each other.

No sooner had their blades begun to beat and jangle, and their white shirts begun to flash as they lunged and parried, than, I declare, Beth and I were surrounded on three sides by Indians. They melted out of the grove; maybe they sprang up out of the spring-muddy earth. They were just there all of a sudden—big Indians and baby Indians. They didn't say a word or make a sound. They just stood there, wooden-faced, watching the sword play.

Beth didn't see them at first. She was sitting back on her heels beside the fire, smiling eagerly while she watched the flashing movements of the fencers.

"Some of the neighbors have dropped in to see the fun," I remarked. "Be careful not to frighten them."

"Who——" she began, and glanced round. She looked straight up into the black eyes of a six-footer with a scar down his cheek. Then she screamed.

I'll never forget the mess that made. The Indians didn't budge, but there was a startled grunt from one of the sword-flickering fencers, and Dr. Marble sprang back, his foil flying out of his hand. He clapped his hand on to his ribs.

"Oh, sorry!" groaned Mr. Fontaine. "Are you hurt, man?"

"Not much," Dr. Marble gasped. "What's wrong, Beth?" He came running toward us, but Beth was running toward him.

"You are hurt!" she gasped. "Look!" His white shirt was reddening in a small spot under his arm.

There was a murmur of voices behind me. "Good, huh?" one of the Indians said approvingly.

Mr. Fontaine kept repeating, "The blade snapped . . . the foil broke . . . caught in his jacket and snapped off."

Just then Letitia Rhodes came prancing out of the woods. "Oh-h, is someone really hurt?" she yelled. "Beulah, you fibbed to me! Good thing I came, anyway! What happened?" She reached into her pocket for pencil and paper.

"Go jump in the river," I said. And over Beth's bent head — which was resting comfortably on Dr. Marble's chest—I said to the dentist, "I think you are hurt worse than you think. It's bleeding hard." And while he was giving me an astonished look, I gave him a great big wink.

The dentist is a smart man. His arms loosened from round Beth and he said faintly, "Sorry, dear. Feeling . . . dizzy. Could . . . sit . . . down." Then he pitched sidewise in a limp heap on the grass.

There was another satisfied murmur from the Indians, but it was the phoniest faint I ever hope to see. Nobody seemed to object to it, though. Beth certainly didn't. You never saw such a quick change come over anyone. She took charge, fussing, while the rest of us looked on.

A couple of the Indians loafed over. "Carry him in?" one inquired.

"Yes," Beth said instantly, never caring whether they were Indians or ten-armed men from Mars. "Take him into the tepee and put him on blankets."

Mr. Fontaine tried to help, but the two braves shouldered him out of the way. Dr. Marble managed a feeble moan as they carried him, none too gently, into Ruthie Blackhorse's tepee.

Beth got down on her knees beside Dr. Marble—they had laid him on a pile of blankets on the ground inside the tent—fastening a big clean handkerchief on him, and he was looking into her face and assuring her that he felt fine. I think he felt ashamed of himself. He could walk all right, he told her. And he wanted his breakfast, he insisted. He wanted flapjacks.

With tears drying on her cheeks, and totally unconscious of the Indians round her, Beth said, smiling, "All right, we'll have breakfast. You're not badly hurt, you rascal. You're just fooling me."

He looked contrite. "I won't ever fool you again," he promised in a low voice.

"See you don't," she answered, and kissed him lightly.

"Yippee!" he yelled, bounding to his feet. "Ooo-aw-ee!" The Indians murmured their admiration. They couldn't have worked up a fancier yell if they had combed the whole reservation.

Well, we went back out of the tepee and had breakfast. One of the Indians brought us some fresh-caught fish, so we had quite a spread. And though the dentist had sworn he was starving, he ate like a canary. He'd keep looking at Beth, and she'd look back and smile. The Indians had melted away again, but Letitia didn't show up until we were all through.

She was stowing her notebook in her pocket as she came out of the tepee, and she looked very well pleased. "I've got news about everybody all over the reservation," she crowed. "This is wonderful!"

Mr. Fontaine asked, "Do they all speak English?"

"Oh, no," Letitia answered in a matter-of-fact way. "But I speak several Indian dialects, and the Chinook jargon. I grew up on the reservation."

He stared at her in deepest admiration. "Yes? How remarkable! I, too, am something of a linguist, but only in four European languages. Would it be possible for you to instruct an adult—for example, me—in the speech of the Indians?"

"Possible?" answered Letitia with a glad cry. "I'd be simply delighted!"

Well, I thought, from his moment Charles Fontaine is a gone gosling.

I fixed up a plate for Letitia while she chattered on with Charles Fontaine. After we cleaned up our camp, I loaded Beth and the dentist down with all sorts of things to carry back to the car. They didn't even notice; they were practically walking on clouds. Letitia and Charles Fontaine wandered happily up the trail behind them—Charles looking a little dazed at all the rapid-fire Indian talk Letitia was giving him—and I stopped in to see Ruthie Blackhorse about a little matter.

"Look here, young lady," I said; "you almost started something."

"Yeah," she agreed. "For a minute there, it looked pretty good."

"Everything happened to come out all right," I went on, "but no thanks to the unexpected audience."

Ruthie shrugged her shoulders. "I owed them a party," she said.

How can you put a person on the defensive if the person simply refuses to be put there? But I kept trying.

"When I told you about the fencing match we were going to have here," I scolded, "I didn't mean for you to send out scouts and invite all your friends."

"Friends!" she yelped. "You got me wrong. They're no friends of mine. They're my husband's relatives."

And some people say that Indians lack humor!

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE planetary movements are not auspicious as November ends and December begins, especially in the lives and affairs of people born under the signs of Gemini, Virgo, and Pisces.

December 2 can be troublesome for Capricornians, Cancerians, and Librans, too. They, and most Arians, must live cautiously that day.

However, for Leonians and for most Arians and Sagittarians the present weeks should predominate in good fortune.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 30 (from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) helpful. December 4 (evening) and December 5 (forenoon) fortunate. Utilise fully. Balance of both days fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): November 30 (midday and evening), and December 1 (from noon to 2 p.m.) slightly helpful. Routine best now.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Beware mistaps and changes now, especially on November 30, December 1 and 2. Guard your health, job, and possessions. Loss, opposition, partings, and adverse changes possible.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): November 30 and December 1 poor. Live quietly December 2 (forenoon to dusk) adverse.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Keep busy now. Beneficial changes and opportunities likely. Utilise December 4 (evening excellent, daylight hours fair) and December 5 (dawn to forenoon best).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be guarded now. Difficulties, misjudgments, delays probable, especially on November 30 and December 1 and 2. Routine work strongly advised. Avoid changes.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 30 (from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) can be moderately helpful; so can December 4 (evening) and December 5 (forenoon).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Routine work best now, although December 3 (round noon and in mid-evening) should be fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Speed up important projects now, yet be cautious, too, for November 30 and December 1 and 2 can bring difficulties. December 4 (day) fair; evening very good. December 5 (to 10 a.m.) good; thereafter fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Avoid risks and changes now. December 2, adverse. Be cautious all day. Rest of week poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): November 30 (from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.) helpful; but then poor. December 1 (morning) fair; then poor. December 2, 4, and 5 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Beware pitfalls, changes, arguments and obstructions now, especially on November 30 and December 1 and 2. Be patient and cheerful for next few weeks.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

OUR COVER

Our cover this week is from a poster designed by John Northfield, the well-known Melbourne artist.

IT was produced by the Australian Red Cross Society for use in hospitals and clubs established by the Australian Red Cross in England, where it is displayed to welcome Australian prisoners of war liberated from camps in Europe.

Proceeds of this year's Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union will benefit prisoners of war as well as the society's general funds.

Every ticket-holder who sends in butts of tickets before December 15 will have a chance not only for the big cash prizes, but also to win an electric refrigerator.

Butts from this drawing will be returned to the barrel, and will have an equal chance with all other tickets in the big drawing on January 25, for which prize money totals £2000, including first prize of £1000.

Send for your tickets to-day to the Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union, Box 65, G.P.O., Sydney.

Send your butts and cash to the Red Cross Christmas Card Art Union office, Cowell's White House, 403 George Street, Sydney.

This Friday, December 1, is Red Cross Day in New South Wales. Badges valued from 6d to £1 will be sold. Each branch is making a special appeal.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has gone to Washington to investigate some missing people. Just before his train left he was joined by

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who, though still world champion wrestler, could not bear to let Mandrake go without him.

PRINCESS NARDA: The beautiful girl who is Mandrake's one love, has also gone to Washington, and is dining with him at a hotel. At another table is a Baron whose interest is immediately excited by her loveliness. He wants to know who she is.

NOW READ ON:

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EASTERN ASPECT of Millimaru, the house which will be the home of the Viscountess Clive at Canberra. Waste land will be made into gardens.

SOUTHERN ASPECT of the house. The lion-topped fountain is seen in the foreground of the picture, and the sundial in the centre of the path leading to the sun-porch.

Canberra house bought for Viscountess Clive

Renovations in progress for interior and grounds

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"The house with the lion in front" is how most of Canberra knows the residence recently purchased by the Government as a home for Viscountess Clive, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester.

The lion decorates one of the three fountains in a sunken garden in the grounds at the front of the house, which was originally owned by Mr. T. E. Rofe, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., and is near Mugga Way.

WITHIN a week of the purchase of the property workmen were busy altering and renovating the house and grounds.

THE VISCOUNTESS CLIVE, one of the two ladies-in-waiting who will accompany the Duchess of Gloucester to Australia.

The electrically lit fountains, wrought-iron archways and gates, painted red, at the two front entrances, formal standard roses, and rows of cypresses planted in doll's house precision on the two curving drives give the house an Alice in Wonderland air.

Its rococo appearance is a little startling in the daytime.

But at night, according to Jo Campbell, the caretaker, with the blue and white lights on the playing fountains and more light round the flower beds along the two drives, it looked festive and lovely.

It is the sort of garden that will delight Lady Clive's five-year-old daughter and her playmates.

Three fountains

ALTOGETHER 52 electric globes formerly illumined the fountains and flower beds, but workmen have now removed the flower-bed lights and levelled off the beds to provide long sweeps of lawn on the side of the two driveways.

The three fountains are in a sunken garden, with pebble stucco balustrade and steps.

The centre fountain is crowned by the lion, and in the two side fountains water gushes from the mouths of eight green fish. The lights on the fountains may remain installed.

SIGHTSEERS (in background) watch small flower beds being levelled off to provide wide sweeps of lawn.

GARDENERS AT WORK in the beds surrounding the three sunken fountains in the grounds.

On the fountain with the lion is the name of the house, "Millimaru," which Mrs. Rofe, wife of the original owner, says is an aboriginal word meaning swallow.

Behind the fountains is a sundial, with the motto, "Count None but the Sunny Hours."

Workmen employed at the house check their lunch-hour by the sundial. One of them alleged that the sundial is often ten minutes slow.

The window-boxes round the house are filled with geraniums, and beyond the cypresses on the east drive is an orchard of various fruit trees, which is to be moved in the right season to the west of the property, leaving a broad sweep of land for flower beds or vegetable gardens.

Built fifteen years ago the interior decoration belongs to the era of tapestry wallpapers and dark-figured carpets and heavy hangings. But as the house has been used very little the walls and furnishings are in a good state of preservation.

Purple and gold

THE entrance hall has panelled wallpapering of tapestry pattern in dull gold on light purple. At the back of the hall is a heavy carved wooden archway with rounded pillars lined with royal-blue velvet curtains. Behind this is a big fireplace.

As this was the only fireplace, an additional one is being built in place of a window in the lounge-room on the left, where the walls are panelled in silver-grey and white tapestry paper. A door leads from this room on to a wide, tiled sun-porch partly shielded with windows at each end and facing a lovely view southwards.

The dining-room opens from the hall on the right and behind it are a serving pantry and white-tiled kitchen, pantry, and the wash-house.

Down the other side of the house are the bedrooms. The main bedroom is carpeted in rose, with a rose tapestry chaise-longue, rose and silver-grey curtains, and a silver-grey bedroom suite. Three other bedrooms run the length of the house behind it.

Though the rooms are not large, the house is extremely cool on hot days.

Power points are being installed in the bedrooms, and all furniture and hangings are being spring-cleaned. Owing to wartime restrictions expenditure is being kept to a minimum.

It is possible, too, that Lady Clive will bring some of her own possessions, which she will want to install to replace some of the furnishings already there.

Among the gardeners at work in the grounds was Paddy Rofe, a relative of the original owner of the house, Mr. T. E. Rofe.

Paddy Rofe, who was in the timber business in Sydney, and has two sons in New Guinea, has taken on outdoor work for his health.

A FIREPLACE is being built in the lounge-room of the house instead of a window. Bricklayers Jack Whelan (left) and Carl Day.

ELECTRICIANS installing a power-point in the main bedroom, where color scheme is rose-pink and silver-grey.

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Woman war artist paints blood transfusion service

● Captain Nora Heysen, official war artist, paints a scene in a blood transfusion ward at a Sydney hospital, part of the Red Cross Society's Blood Transfusion Service. Picture shows a sailor of the Royal Australian Navy giving blood. Men and women from Services as well as civilians respond to call for donors, more of whom are needed. Thousands of lives on the battlefront, as well as civilian lives, have been saved through supplies of blood and serum made available in this way.

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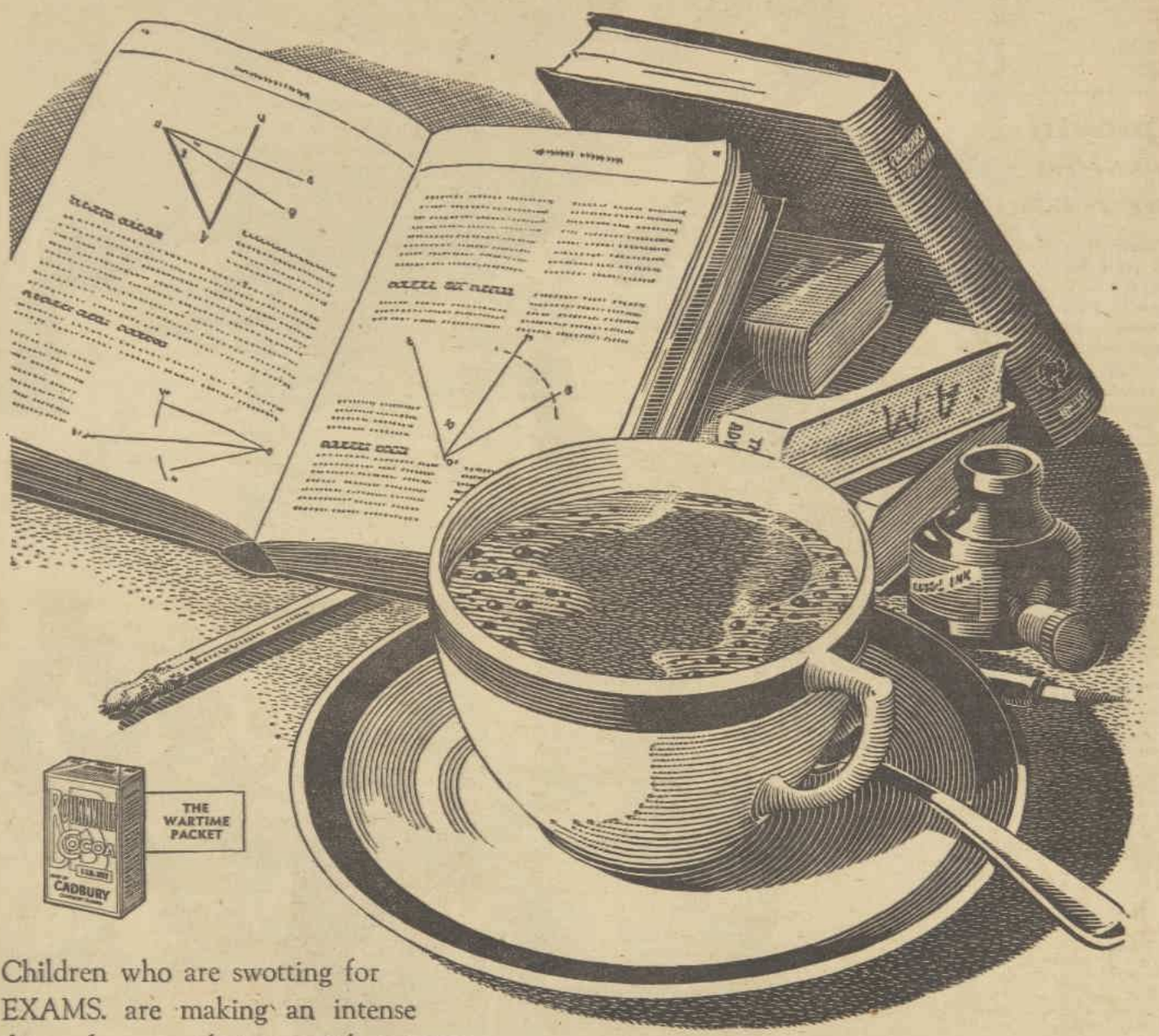
FOOD *for Study..*



THE WARTIME PACKET

Children who are swotting for EXAMS. are making an intense demand upon their mental energies. When you serve their nightly Bournville Cocoa you will make supper a Food for Study.

A cup of Bournville Cocoa, made with milk and the addition of a little sugar, is 45 per cent. richer in food content than a cup of milk alone.

Bournville Cocoa with the real Chocolaty flavour, renews flagging energies and helps to keep young minds eager for further conquests.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Made by the Makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate

BCA5FP

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Nov. 30 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Dec. 1: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Dec. 2: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Dec. 3 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Dec. 4: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, Dec. 5: "What's On the Menu?"

Special session for women

"Good Neighbors," from 2GB every Wednesday at 1 p.m., is a daytime radio programme which has been specially designed for women listeners.

IT is arranged to bring the women of the home into closer contact with each other by the medium of their radio sets.

It also brings dozens of new and bright ideas into the home. Listeners will enjoy trying to answer the homely questions propounded in the session.

The questions are of a kind which any intelligent housewife can answer.

They have been so devised and prepared that they have all some bearing on the betterment of home conditions and alleviation of the burdens of the housewife.

Phil Furley is compere, with Judy Willing as adjudicator.

Women competitors are asked a series of interesting questions concerning household matters.

For example:

"How does one improve the flavor of spinach?"

"What is a false hem?"

"How much sleep should a child aged 12 to 14 years have at night?"

"What is a simple way to prepare starched clothes for ironing?"

"Should baby talk be spoken to children who are just learning to talk?"

"Should lime and manure be used at the same time in a garden?"

"Should an adopted child be told that he or she is adopted?"

Helpful answers

MANY of these questions continually arise in a housewife's day, and the answers are bound to be of great help to listeners.

Answers to these questions are given by three contestants. Miss Willing awards prizes in order of correctness, quoting the authority for her decision.

Of the three contestants, the one to answer most correctly receives 10/- and the others 2/6 each.

For answers to particularly difficult questions the prize is sometimes higher, **£1.**

Listeners are invited to send in questions. Ten shillings will be paid for the best question, and 2/6 for all others included.

As well as hints on washing, ironing, renovating, gardening, rearing children, and the thousand and one other things connected with household management, "Good Neighbors" gives listeners good recipes.

Each week Miss Emily Noble, chief demonstrator of cooking for the Melbourne Metropolitan Gas Co., gives one of the latest and best recipes.

Listeners are advised to have paper and pencil handy so that the special recipes can be taken down.

"Good Neighbors" is a session that offers a real service to women in the home, presenting as it does interesting home hints in the novel form of a radio quiz show. It is also a valuable addition to the new midday to 2 p.m. entertainment, which is proving so popular with women listeners.

It is a Melbourne Macquarie production, emanating from Station 3AW.

Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F2151.—Child's summertime suit to fit 2 to 8-year-olds. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/4.

Frog.—Amusing novelty toy for someone at Christmas. Size, 10in. Requires ½yd., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

Kangaroo.—Mothers or adoring aunts can easily make this lovable kangaroo for their little folk. Size, 10in. Requires ½yd., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3351A.—Cool, charming short-sleeved style for hot summer days. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3430.—Exquisitely designed dress, featuring a lace yoke for very special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. lace, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F113.—Snappy hat and bag set. Hat designed to fit heads 21 to 22in. Requires ½yd. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide; bag requires ½yd. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3365.—Smart and very new design for the summer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:—

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Needlework Notions . . .

DAINTY DUCHESSE SET

With its grape leaf and fruit design traced clearly on an excellent white organdie, this dainty set is available all ready for embroidery.

It consists of a large centre mat and twin side mats. Edges may be trimmed with a narrow lace. This, however, is not supplied.

Price complete, 3/6. Plus 2½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 545.

CHILD'S SLIP & PANTEE SET

With the pattern clearly traced on excellent material, rayon crepe-de-chine, in pastel tonings of pink and blue, also plain white, this set comes to you all ready to cut out, sew, and embroider.

The slip, cut on magyar lines, shows embroidery motifs at each shoulder. Pantees have waistband with fullness over each leg and are gathered into band for leg. Sizes 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years.

Size 2-4 years, 12/11 (6 coupons); 4-6 years, 13/11 (6 coupons). Postage 5½d. extra.

When ordering, please enclose required number of coupons and ask for No. 546.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"LENA"—Charming Shirt-styled Frock

This smart little design has been fashioned in a new material called Roslyn crease-resisting rayon, a lovely-looking cloth with a matt finish and cool texture. Its shades are attractive and cool, and include maize, cherub-pink, sky-blue, clipper-blue (almost a saxe), Ireland turquoise, and also plain white.

The design chosen shows a narrow tailored collar, well-extended shoulders, short plain sleeves, and an opening to the waistline. The skirt is panelled and slightly flared, and the back is gored to match. An individual touch is given by the addition of a knife-pleated frill edging the collar and extending right down the front to the hemline. This gives the effect of the newly fashioned "dip" front.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "LENA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 2496, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust, hip, and length measurements.

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The Unloaded Gun

Continued from page 5

A LITTLE later, Murphy was surprised to receive a visit from Editor Clagle, of the "Daily Trumpet," who swept aside the idea that the shooting was accidental.

"Take the case of Jess Harwood," Clagle said, as though he were dictating to-morrow's story instead of interviewing Murphy. "Once he had a collection of flintlocks and lost them to a creditor. The creditor had 'em sold at auction, and the auctioneer was Milt Pollard."

"But that," Murphy protested, "was years ago."

"The sale should have netted an equity for Harwood," Clagle went on, "but he didn't get it because Pollard framed a ringer to bid in those muskets for about a dollar and seventy-five cents apiece. Made Harwood very sore, didn't it?"

"Not sore enough to murder Pollard for it years later."

"Now take this young architect, Albin Loomis. He was counting a lot on getting that courthouse job, wasn't he?"

"So what?"

"It was Milt Pollard who kept him from getting it, wasn't it?"

Murphy made no answer.

"Our morning issue," Clagle said, "will suggest three possibilities: A, an accidental homicide; B, a planned murder by Blower; C, a conspiracy among two or more men."

Murphy kept a leash on his temper. "Which two or more men?"

Clagle smacked his lips. "Dr. Joy said the gun wasn't loaded. Blower fired it and killed Pollard. And by a fingerprint on the shell, we now know that Albin Loomis had loaded the gun."

"Get out," Murphy said.

An hour later he was facing Albin Loomis across a desk. They were in Albin's downtown office, which was directly across the street from Dr. Joy's. A drafting table occupied one end of the room. No guns were in sight, since Albin kept his small-arms collection at home.

"But don't you keep one gun here at the office?" Murphy asked, "in case of a hold-up?"

Albin nodded. He opened a desk drawer and exposed a .38 Colt automatic of standard design.

"Is it loaded?"

"Of course," Albin said.

"Look and see."

Albin breeched the gun and stared when it proved to be quite empty. "But I'm sure I slipped a cartridge into the chamber one time."

"Which would leave your thumbprint on the shell," Murphy said. "A man could come in here and eject the shell, pick it up with his handkerchief, walk across the street and load another gun with it. Where did you spend most of the afternoon?"

"I called on members of the school board, trying to get that new junior high."

"You're not likely to get it," Murphy warned, "until we crack this Pollard case. So I'd better get busy."

* * * * *

The Mexican maid who came in each day long enough to serve breakfast and clean house brought the morning "Trumpet" to Murphy. He was glaring at the front page and rubbing a bump on his head when Sue joined him at breakfast.

Sue stared at the bump on Murphy's head. "What happened to you, Uncle Dan?"

"Never mind that," Murphy answered. "Listen to this." He read aloud to her Clagle's three possibilities: an accident; a murder planned by Blower alone; a murder conspiracy by Blower and others present.

"Which is it, Uncle Dan?"

"It's murder planned by Blower alone. But until we prove it, Clagle will keep picking bones to build circulation."

"And now," Sue insisted sternly, "will you tell me how you got that bump?"

Murphy grinned sheepishly. "I went out to Pollard's flat last night to see if I could find evidence of any dealings he'd had with Neal Blower."

"And did you?"

"Yes, I picked up a pocket ledger which kept a record of all Pollard's gun transactions. It shows three sales to Blower—at prices too high to be convincing."

"And did you get anything else?" Sue asked.

"Yes, this." Murphy touched the still painful bump on his skull. "I heard a board creak in the next room. So I walked in there like a chump—the room was pitch dark—and somebody crowned me with a golf club. When I came to, he was gone."

Later they went out to Sue's car and she dropped Murphy at Dr. Joy's office. A receptionist was on duty and Murphy asked her, "Think carefully, Esther. Who came in here yesterday that wasn't a patient?"

"No one, sir."

"Was the doctor here all the time after ten in the morning?"

"No, sir. Between three and four every day he goes to the hospital."

Murphy picked up a telephone and rang a number. The city attorney answered. "Will you get me a court order, Mr. Burns?" Murphy asked him. "I want to look into Milton Pollard's safety-deposit box at the bank. You'll rush it through? Thanks."

Joy was in his gun room when Murphy went back there. The doctor looked up irritably from the morning paper. "What's the answer, Sergeant?"

"Murder by Blower." Murphy stoked his pipe fiercely. "But until we clinch it, your reputation's mud. And so's Albin's."

Joy began whirling his glasses. "You've dug up Blower's motive?"

"Only the pattern of it," Murphy said. "Remember those old dueling pistols Pollard brought back from Nashville? He claimed they were used in the Andrew Jackson-Dickinson duel in 1806."

The doctor nodded. "But his evidence of background was too clearly faked."

"Well, last August, Pollard sold that set to Blower for five hundred dollars. And in October he talked Blower into buying the Civil War horse pistol—the one he claimed General Sheridan had on the ride to Winchester."

"For how much?"

"For six hundred dollars. And two months ago, in December, he touched Blower for seven hundred and fifty. This time it was the Jenks percussion carbine with 'K.C.' scratched on it."

"The one Pollard said he picked up at Taos, in a house where Kit Carson once lived?"

"That's the one. So it was blackmail. Pollard must have said to him, 'Either you buy at my price or I'll tell.'"

"Tell what?"

Murphy shrugged. "How would I know? It's only a pattern, so far."

"But why would Blower frame Albin?"

"It's likely he didn't mean to. But he didn't own any .38 cartridges and he was too smart to buy a box at the store. He knew that Albin kept a .38 in his desk, so why couldn't Blower help himself to the load in it?"

"But the gun used only arrived here at ten in the morning," Joy objected. "From then on until five, either I or my receptionist would have seen anyone come in to load it."

"Not if he came in by the back window," Murphy countered.

"But how," Joy still objected, "did the man know the gun was here? I had told no one. Not even Esther saw me unpack it."

"That's one I haven't figured out yet," Murphy admitted.

Later in the day a court order permitted entry into Pollard's safety box at the bank. Murphy, Jerome, and a bank cashier were present at the opening.

They found an assortment of securities. Also there was a note in Pollard's writing which read:

"To the police:

"In the event of my death by violence, do not overlook the attached evidence.

"Milton Pollard."

But nothing was attached.

"When," Murphy asked, "did Pollard last visit this box?"

The vault clerk was called in. "Mr. Pollard was here just before closing time yesterday. He took one sheet of paper from the box and left with it."

Murphy made no comment until he was back at headquarters with Jerome.

Then: "It's a cinch, Chief, that Pollard had something on Blower. He let Blower see it—then stowed it away in his bank box."

"The idea being," Jerome agreed, "that murder on a dark night wouldn't get Blower anywhere."

Murphy nodded. "So since then Pollard shook Blower down three times, in each case making it look like a gun sale. Chances are he tried it again in the last day or so, this time offering a St. Etienne musket with a faked Battle of Waterloo background. Blower didn't dare refuse, but he made a condition. He said Pollard would have to throw in that sheet of evidence from the bank box. Anyway, we know Milt went to the bank and got it."

"Sounds solid," Jerome agreed. "Probably he expected Blower to bring the cash to his flat last night."

Murphy said, "And to warn Blower he'd better come across, Pollard brazenly brought up the Battle of Waterloo musket right in front of all of us at five o'clock in Joy's office."

"So Blower shot him!" Chief Jerome concluded. "Stick right on it, Murphy. I'm due at a council meeting right now."

Left alone, Murphy squared himself in front of all the exhibits thus far uncovered. These consisted of a pocket ledger listing Pollard's gun transactions, the message from the bank box, an empty brass shell and articles taken from Pollard's pockets. He sifted through the pocket items—keys, a knife, loose coins, and a wallet. From the wallet he shook three five-dollar bills, a driver's licence, and a credit card issued by the Oklaco Gas and Oil Corporation.

"Need any help?" Murphy looked up and saw Albin Loomis at his elbow. "I've got time on my hands," the young architect explained with a wry face, "because the school board just turned me down on that new junior high."

"Sure, you can help, Albin," Murphy said heartily. "Take down some names as I call 'em off."

He opened Pollard's record of gun transactions. Looking through it, he called off two lists of cities.

Albin wrote the places down as Murphy called them off.

"What's the catch, Sergeant?"

"Pollard," Murphy explained, "didn't begin shaking Blower down until August. Which tips us that before August he didn't have anything on Blower. Also we know Pollard made a trading trip each summer to Harpers Ferry, stopping at way points to buy, sell, or trade guns."

Albin saw it at once. "Oh! And last summer he stopped to make deals at these towns!"

"Likely he stopped at other places, too," Murphy said, "but these are the only ones in the book. And at some one stop, we don't know which, he must have stumbled on an old footprint of Blower's."

"But Blower's lived right here for twenty years."

"He's forty-five years old, though," Murphy countered, and buzzed for a stenographer. When the girl came he said to her, "Take a form letter, Miss Cushman. Send a copy air-mail return envelope to the party Milton Pollard traded guns with at each of these towns." Murphy tossed her the Pollard gun ledger.

"I'm ready, Sergeant."

Murphy dictated: "Dear Sir: When Milton Pollard of this city called on you last August, did you give him any information concerning an attorney now known as Neal Blower, whose recent photograph is enclosed? Very truly, yours ——"

"See the chief about photographs," Murphy added. "And air-mail a copy to the police at every town on the list."

Please turn to page 28

Animal Antics

"Shh! Be quiet! Ya wanna wake everybody up?"

WORTH Reporting

MRS. WALTER ELLIOT tells a story of girl members of a British youth group at Plymouth. They were holding a meeting in the ruins of a bombed hospital.

"Why did you meet here?" she asked them.

"Well, we'd arranged to meet at the lamppost left standing nearest to our old clubrooms," they replied, "and this is it."

* * *

Pollyanna 1944

"HUMOR about the flying-bomb is scarce and therefore precious," said Lester Powell, speaking over the B.B.C. "I passed a neighbor the other night on his way to the shelter. He was weighted down with blankets, cushions, and suitcases.

"'Bit of a bore—having to do all this every night, isn't it?' I said.

"He nodded. Then his face cleared and he said, 'Still, if we get a direct hit, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I took every precaution . . .'"

* * *

Sheepish

IN nine years "McGinty," champion merino wool producer, owned by Mr. J. C. Carey, Yass, N.S.W., has yielded 216½lb. of wool. His best years were 1937 and 1938, when he cut 28½lb. He is ten years old now, and toothless, but even so produced 18lb. this year.

* * *

AS a memento of her Australian tour Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has been sent some superb beaver-treated sheepskins by the Wool Board.

She is delighted with the gift. The skins, she says, will make an ideal coat for flying, and will go with her on her many journeyings.

* * *

Host to hosts

MAYOR LA GUARDIA, of New York, has a great weakness for Australians. When he sees an Australian serviceman walking along a New York street he pulls up his car, takes the Australian aboard, and drives off to luncheon or a night-club.

P/Sgt. Jack Humphries, R.A.A.F., back in Australia again after a year in England with the R.A.F., told us of La Guardia's hospitality. He was taken to La Guardia's home, where the famous Mayor entertained him lavishly.

* * *

Do you nag?

EVER heard of a brank? It was an iron muzzle used at the end of the eighteenth century to muzzle female scolds in England.

One band circumvented the head horizontally, the other, forked in front to accommodate the nose, passed over the dome, and fastened with a steel clasp behind.

It opened on a hinge. Inside the front band was a slip of steel to put into the mouth and press against the tongue, so that speech was impossible.

* * *

Inspiring

OPERA star Marjorie Lawrence claims that the most inspiring gift she received in Australia was a mulga wood native-carved walking-stick.

"It was given to me by the 250 boys of the Adelaide College of Music Drum and Fife Band to show their belief that I would soon be able to walk again," she explained.

* * *

Keeping them posted

A SALESGIRL in a store in Colorado, U.S.A., bought large business-size envelopes, addressed one to each of the home-town boys in Service, and displayed them on a counter with pencil and paper handy.

Customers entering the store write a few lines to the boys they know.

When the envelopes are filled they are mailed.

The boys are delighted to receive these chatty notes from acquaintances who probably would never have written if this opportunity had not been provided.

WHERE?

One went to St. Helena,
Another went to Doorn.
Distant fields are greener,
But where is Hitler goorn?

—D.D.

Air-conditioned

AT an altitude of 35,000 feet, with the temperature at 40 degrees below, an airman who did not have oxygen and an artificially warmed flying-suit would soon perish.

But this doesn't apply to pigeons.

When they are released from the planes they simply spiral down to a lower level, and then head for home.

Scientists are busy on this problem of the indestructible pigeon, but so far have no inkling of the answer.

Pigeons just don't seem to need oxygen at high altitudes.

Faced with the sight of a bird pecking calmly at its dinner after a record flight, an airman made the awed comment, "Them birds just ain't human!"

* * *

Tough guy

CURRENT story in an A.I.F. training area somewhere in Australia:

A commando sergeant-major was returning across a paddock to his own unit after a festive session in another mess.

Half-way across the paddock he was charged by a bull. The commando grabbed the bull by the horns and forced it to the ground, but, after a furious struggle, the bull tossed him and galloped away.

The commando later told his friends he wished he hadn't had the last few drinks, because then he would have been able to pull the beggar off his bike.

* * *

Such a nice man

A LANDLORD we know, who is more like a kind uncle than a rent collector, is the darling of his lady tenants because of his prowess as a handy man.

Any day he can be seen tripping smilingly from flat to flat, helping to rearrange furniture, hang a picture, liquidate a mouse or a spider.

Last week an excited lady from the second floor front summoned him. Would he please do a special job for her as she was so nervous of electricity?

Reputation for efficency undimmed, he emerged a few minutes later having successfully installed a new battery in her electric torch.

* * *

AN American Red Cross girl down on leave tells us that outside a tent in a U.S. camp area at Milne Bay is a handsome notice: "Eleanor slept here."

* * *

Royal dogs

SUSAN is the name chosen by Princess Elizabeth for her new puppy, another Welsh corgi.

Talking of Royal dogs brings to mind Martin, the Sealyham owned by Prince Bernhard, of the Netherlands. Martin owns a special parachute harness, so is well prepared for any flying excursions.

He was enrolled recently as a member of the English Tailwaggers' Club, and wears collar medallion No. R129—being the club's 129th Royal member.

* * *

Tall poppy

A BRAVE red poppy nine inches across, with striking black markings, blooms in Canberra.

The poppy was first grown by the head gardener at Parliament House, Mr. Charlie May, from a sixpenny packets of seeds bought at Adelaide markets by the Acting-Minister for Air, Mr. Lazzarini.

Seeds of the poppy and cuttings of its thick stems have been sent all over Australia, but no one has yet discovered the correct horticultural name for it. Meanwhile, Charlie calls it the "Lazzarini poppy."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4725308

News from the studios

By Cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood.

FRED MacMURRAY helps to discover America in his current role in the Fox production, "Where Do We Go From Here?" Fred will be seen as crewman on Christopher Columbus' ship, and Fortunio Bonanova plays the famous explorer. The ship is an exact replica of the famous Santa Maria. Joan Leslie, who co-stars with MacMurray in this technicolor fantasy, is leaving on a country-wide tour of Army hospitals the day she finishes the role.

* * *

"I WILL never dabble in politics again," Ann Sheridan vowed this week. Ann bet Dewey would win the recent elections, and when she lost had to parade Hollywood Boulevard in blackface.

* * *

THE housing shortage in Hollywood was responsible for a prominent business man bringing a strange request to MGM studios. He asked permission to sleep on the set of "Week-end at the Waldorf," saying, "I will pay twenty-five dollars a night for a bedroom on the set, and promise to leave by six in the morning." The studio was sympathetic, but their refusal firm.

* * *

RUMORS still persist about the Bette Davis-Corporal Riley romance, and Bette is on another visit to Atlanta, where Riley is stationed.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN Cecil Kellaway told me that his son Brian has been turned down for Army duty because of a faulty heart, so has decided to follow the theatrical profession. Brian plans to gain stage experience first through a dramatic school or little-theatre work.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ THE HALFWAY HOUSE

THIS intriguing English film revolves round a mysterious inn inhabited by the ghosts of its former landlord and his daughter (Mervyn Johns and his real-life daughter, Glynis), and a group of guests, each with a personal burden of worry.

Apart from the fascination of the story, which is an enthralling experiment in the supernatural, this film is packed with memorable performances.

Johns' restrained brilliance is particularly noteworthy, but his acting is matched by half a dozen others.

You will see Esmond Knight as the famous musician who has six months to live; Tom Walls does surprisingly well in the dramatic role of a disgraced Merchant Navy officer; and Guy Middleton is outstanding as the ex-convict.

The celebrated French actress, Francoise Rosay, makes a sensational debut in English films, and is hauntingly good as Walls' unhappy wife.—Embassy; showing.

★★ ONCE UPON A TIME

COLUMBIA bring an intriguing little fantasy to the screen, and if you are not too blase you will be thoroughly captivated by the tale of Curley, a miraculous dancing caterpillar.

It seems a pity that Hollywood's ingenious prop men could not have made such a talented caterpillar visible, for in spite of the fact that the rest of the cast watch his fascinating antics in a boot-box the tantalised audience gets never a glimpse.

However, the other players are ingratiating enough to compensate for the non-appearance of Curley.

Cary Grant is starred as the penniless theatrical agent who foresees fame and fortune in Curley and his young owner (Ted Donaldson).

Romance is capably supplied by Ted's glamorous sister, Janet Blair. Donaldson, a plump and likeable kid, makes an impressive screen debut, and the supporting cast is fine. That notorious scene stealer, James Gleason, gets up to his old tricks as Grant's stooge.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY

UNIVERSAL took a definite risk in presenting Deanna Durbin, whom they have spent years in building up as a sunny, dewy-eyed young thing, as a slinky and disillusioned singer in a sordid night-club.

Adapted from Somerset Maugham's novel, and considerably tamed down to please the censors, the story is unfolded in flashbacks as Deanna tells her mournful autobiography to a young soldier.

Once you get over the first shock of seeing Deanna in such a role, you might enjoy this flimsy little tragedy, because the young star does surprisingly well, and has a fine supporting cast to back her up.

Gene Kelly also makes a surprising but unsuccessful departure from normal in the heavy role of Deanna's husband, whose criminal tendencies are responsible for her unhappiness.

Richard Whorf as the newspaper reporter soldier; Dean Harens, cafe owner; Gladys George; and Gale Sondergaard, as Kelly's mother, all contribute neat performances. — State; showing.

★ SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

WITH its team of youngsters, its orange groves and its jitterbugging, this film is deliberately outdoor and hearty, and is good adolescent entertainment.

Adults may find themselves tired out by so much activity.

Producer Charles Rogers introduces in this musical 14-year-old Jane Powell. The Powell voice has what it takes, but won't be enough to get there unless it is coupled with very careful production. Jane has a charming personality.

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Bonita Granville, W. C. Fields, Sammy Kaye and his orchestra all add to the general gaiety of the piece.—Civic; showing.

★ SECRET COMMAND

THIS is a counter-espionage tale about attempted Nazi sabotage in a large shipyard. It is dull fare.

With the public palate becoming jaded after a long series of sabotage plots, it needs robust handling by Eddie Sutherland, director, and Phil Ryan, producer, to give this film any popular appeal.

Pat O'Brien has plenty of opportunity for fisticuffs, and there is some comedy in his fake home life with a wife (Carole Landis) and children arranged by Navy Intelligence. Of course, he decides to turn the fake into fact after the Nazi plot is squashed.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

The Unloaded Gun

Continued from page 27

CORONER ORD'S inquest adjourned three days later with a noncommittal finding, recommending a further scrutiny of the evidence.

The next day's mail brought a batch of answers to Murphy's circular inquiry. They were all negative.

"Looks as if I'm stymied," Murphy growled at breakfast on the eighth day after Pollard's death.

After breakfast he went over to Joy's office. He found Joy in his gun room, and, oddly, the sight of those four gun-covered walls gave Murphy a new idea. "Look, Doctor. How many guns have you got here, anyway?"

"About five hundred," Joy told him.

"Any of them loaded?"

"Of course not."

"Most of them haven't been touched for years. So how can you be sure one of 'em isn't loaded?"

"Are you asking me to examine them one by one?"

"I wish you would."

With a shrug, Eric Joy arose to comply. "I'll help you," Murphy said. "You begin with that rack of Army automatics; I'll take these early frontier models."

They handled the guns expertly. Suddenly Joy exclaimed: "The devil! Look, Sergeant."

He had found a loaded gun. It was a German model—a Luger automatic pistol of 7.65 millimetres calibre. "The clip's empty," Joy said, "but there's a cartridge in the chamber, ready to fire."

Murphy said thoughfully, "Leave it loaded, Doctor. Put it back on the nails just like you found it." As Joy did so Murphy added: "Seems to me you told us about that Luger one time."

"Yes," Joy said. "It was taken from a Prussian general in the Argonne. His name's engraved on it."

"Humph! A gun with a background. Just the kind of a piece Blower likes."

Joy nodded. "Blower has a Luger of his own, but it's of unknown origin. So once he offered me ten dollars to boot on a trade."

"I remember that. You turned him down." Dan Murphy relaxed and lighted his pipe. "It plugs up a hole for us, Doctor."

"How?"

"Blower planned to kill Pollard with the Luger. Owning a Luger himself, he had a cartridge to fit yours. His idea was to take it in hand and dicker with you on a trade, when we all assembled here at five o'clock. He could raise the boot he'd offered before. Handling the gun, he could let it go off and kill Pollard."

"But he didn't use the Luger."

"No, because after loading it he noticed you'd racked a new trophy since the day before. It was a gaudy piece, and sure to be passed from hand to hand by your friends at five o'clock. So he realised his crime would be smoother if he used it instead of the Luger."

"You're quite right, Sergeant. He'd look a deal more innocent if someone else took the gun from the rack."

"So he went to Albin's office and got a .38 cartridge. There wasn't time to get one anywhere else. He hurried back here with it and loaded your latest trophy. That left him two chances. The Colt was the preferred chance. But in case it wasn't passed round while Pollard was present, Blower could pick his own time and use the Luger."

"All right," Joy said. "But where does it get us?"

"It gets us a loaded gun," Murphy said, "to point at Blower."

. . . . . .

At five that afternoon Harwood and Burlew arrived promptly. Major Jeffries strolled in, and then Neal Blower. Joy received them in his usual mood of quiet indignation against Clagle. Les Whipple and Jay Huston came in and were followed soon by Albin Loomis.

Last of all Dan Murphy appeared and he brought with him Editor Clagle of the "Trumpet." "I want to convince Clagle," Murphy explained, "that he's been doing us an injustice."

Clagle grinned. "So he said if I'd come along he'd re-enact the crime for me."

"I did not," Murphy corrected. "I said I'd re-enact the homicide for you and show you it was an accident."

Clagle sat down and lighted a cigar.

Murphy said briskly, "All right, fellows. As nearly as you can, take the same positions you had when Pollard was shot."

The men took up their positions, some sitting, some standing. Murphy had coached all of them except Clagle and Blower.

"We'll just imagine Pollard's sitting in that open window," Murphy said.

Murphy turned to Burlew. "Okay, Ben. Take any gun from the rack at random and start passing it round. Just like you did the other time."

SEEMINGLY at random, Burlew took down the loaded Luger. He knew it was loaded, the point being that Blower didn't know that Burlew knew it was loaded.

"What I call a fancy job, Doc," Burlew remarked. Handling the Luger carelessly with his finger crooked over the trigger, he let the muzzle point as by chance at Blower's head.

Murphy, alert to see the lawyer step nervously out of line, was disappointed. The man's face muscles tightened slightly, but that was all.

Burlew held it that way for half a minute, then passed it on to Albin Loomis. Albin admired it briefly, letting the barrel point at Blower. It was an acid test—but still it failed to rout Blower.

Albin passed the gun on to Murphy, who stood directly at Blower's elbow. Murphy crooked his finger round the trigger and let the barrel point at Blower's chest. "Not loaded, is it, Doc?"

"Hardly," Joy said. "I don't display loaded guns on an open rack."

"Snug grip," Murphy commented. He was looking at the gun, not at Blower. His finger took a tighter curl over the trigger as though to test the action. And still the lawyer didn't budge an inch.

When he could not convincingly hold the pose any longer, Murphy gave up. All he could do now was pass the gun on to Blower.

Blower admired it, as before, letting it lie flat on the palm of his hand. Speaking casually to Clagle, Blower said, "I happened to be pointing it toward that window. So when I clicked the trigger, like this——" Blower clicked the trigger and the Luger roared.

The bullet shattered the window and no one seemed more shocked than Blower. "Gosh!" he said. "Who loaded this gun?"

In the awkward silence Murphy knew a feeling of complete defeat.

He was thinking hard when the telephone rang. Joy answered, then handed the receiver to Murphy. Murphy heard the desk man at headquarters say, "Another reply just came in on that circular of yours, Murph. I'm sending it over there to you."

But it couldn't be that, Murphy thought as he hung up. For he knew that every town on his list had already been heard from and that they all gave Blower a clear bill.

"By the way, Sergeant, I took the liberty of adding one town to your list."

This was Albin Loomis speaking, and Murphy turned to stare at him.

"I mean," Albin explained, "that Pollard must have stopped at other towns than the ones where he traded guns. For instance I noticed an Oklaco credit card among the things taken from his pockets. You know how a cross-country tourist uses one of those credit cards? By flashing it at any Oklaco station from coast to coast, he can get gas without paying cash. The filling station then sends the charge to their home office and the customer gets a bill at the end of the month."

While Murphy was still blinking, Albin continued: "One of my classmates is fairly high up with the Oklaco people, so I wired him for a copy of Pollard's August statement. One town on that statement gave me a jolt, so I added it to the list——"

Albin stopped as the door opened and a policeman came in with an air-mailed letter. Murphy tore it open. The "man wanted" poster which dropped out was dated twenty years ago. On this a young man was pictured front face and in profile. Murphy read the description aloud: "Wanted: for embezzlement of a trust fund, Vincent Quinn, age 23, an attorney, six feet tall, dark eyes, dark hair——"

"Skip the rest of it." Neal Blower extended his hands to be manacled. "I'll go quietly," he said wearily.

Albin asked, "Remember that last threat Pollard made—right in front of us all?"

"You mean about a Battle of Waterloo musket?" Murphy said.

Albin nodded. "The name was meant to high-pressure Blower. If you'll look at the postmark on that letter you'll see why."

Murphy looked, and saw that the envelope was postmarked "Waterloo, Iowa."

The policeman clicked cuffs on Blower. Then Murphy heard Albin ring a number on the phone. Albin's voice had a new confidence as it asked, "Doing anything to-night, Sue?"

(Copyright)

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY
THE MACQUARIE PLAY
"THE GOLD DIGGERS"
Comedy—starring Yvonne Banvard, Pat MacDonald, and Georgie Sterling.
Sunday, 8 p.m.

MONDAY
STAR THEATRE
"The Accent's On Love"
Starring Arundel Nixon and Brenda Dunrich.
Monday, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY
"Calling The Stars"
The fun of the fair, with radio's top line artists.
Tuesday, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
"The Dunlop Road Show"
A musical variety show, compered by Jack Davey.
Wednesday, 9.30 p.m.

THURSDAY
LIBRARY OF THE AIR
"Random Harvest"
Charles Rainier's life story dramatised
Thursday, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY
"The Todds"
Domestic comedy . . . featuring Terry and Grace Todd.
Friday, 7.15 p.m.

SATURDAY
"Music for Munitioneers"
Song hits old and new . . . music that appeals to all
Saturday, 8.30 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB

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Quick Christmas Gifts

JULIET CAP . . . Sweet as they come and just the thing to wear at night wherever you may go. Easy to make and nice to give—or receive—on Christmas morn. Directions for making are given on page 40.

• BANDANNA KERCHIEFS make smart cushion tops and most appreciable gifts. Back cushion with material to match one of the deeper colors of the design. Shabby cushions can be rejuvenated this way and used to brighten up odd corners of living-room or porch.

• COLORFUL GIFTS. Here you see plain utility china glamorized with lacquer, or paint made from sealing wax. Anyone with patience plus a glimmer of artistry can paint china or glass. Designs shown above are very simple.

TO paint the china, break up each stick of sealing wax into a clean egg-cup or smallish jar, naturally keeping a separate jar for each color. Cover the sealing wax with methylated spirit and leave to dissolve. Cover the jars with their lids or saucers to stop evaporation.

The paint is ready to use when it is the consistency of thin cream. If too thick add more spirit; if too thin allow it to evaporate until correct (or you can use lacquer).

Paint only on clean crockery, using a separate paint brush for each color. If you make a mistake you can clean off the mark immediately with methylated spirit on cotton-wool. Dry the surface and begin again. Only one stroke of the brush needed to complete each petal shown in designs above. So keep your motifs simple.

Crockery painted in this way can be washed in almost boiling water, but do *not* use soap, soda, or scouring powder, or you will chip the paint. Small spot designs are effective carried out in one color or in a "hundreds and thousands" scheme, and the children will love their mugs and plates painted with little chickens, rabbits, or initials.

• MODERN TOUCH in simple, swift embroidery. Here you see two gay cushions with curtain at back. The curtain theme is most up to date; it pictures an air-raid at night. In the rays of the searchlights can be seen three enemy planes. It's clever, and catches at the heart strings. Directions for working are given on page 40.

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PAINFUL SUNBURN RUINED SALLY'S HOLIDAY UNTIL

Lying on the beach I hadn't realised the sun was so powerful. But, oh dear, back in the guesthouse my shoulders began to feel as if on fire!

By evening even the lightest dress felt like hopsack to my tender skin. Dancing was out for me. Next day I spoke to the lifesaver. "We all swear by Rexona Ointment," he said.

A friend gently smoothed some of that soothing ointment over my reddened skin. Right away the sting seemed to die down and after two applications the pain had gone.

Now I can be on the beach all day and have no fear that sunburn will spoil my evening's fun. Rexona has made a wonderful difference to my holiday.

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona OINTMENT

1/6 A JAR

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

O.55.32

Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 7

WHEN she had gone on to the hospital, Kay sat very still. She looked out, unseeing, at the traffic that eddied in unceasing whirls. She knew much better than Jane suspected how difficult this last year had been for her. But Jane was like that. She would forget herself. That was the difference between her sort of love and Jane's.

Not the next Sunday but the following one they had invited Tom to dinner. He came in at twelve, an hour early. Jane was in the kitchen making hors-d'oeuvres and he sat down by Kay in the living-room. She wore a flame-colored housecoat of soft velvet that reflected color to her face.

"Feeling better? You look fit."

"Perfect. I should after all these weeks. I sent the nurse packing a week ago."

"Baby home?"

"Not yet. Jane's a dragon. She wants to be sure she's strong enough. She seems so now, but she's something of a feeding problem yet."

"Anything I can do for you?"

"No," she said. "You've always done too much for me, Tom."

"Well, you know how it was."

"Was?" she repeated, smiling. "Don't tell me you're deserting me, Tom. I should not know what to do without you." Nothing ever would take the place of her affection for Tom. How many years of devotion he had given her without anything in return for himself.

He roused himself. He said gruffly, even a little disagreeably, "All the same, one outgrows things."

She raised her head at that, surprised. What was Tom saying?

"Well!" she said. "Another woman, Tom?"

"No," he said deliberately. "I've loved you for years and haven't thought about other women. I've just begun to see that you haven't been worth it, Kay."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

For a minute she wanted to laugh, this was so preposterous. This was not the man she had known so long. An inner awareness caught her.

"I'm talking about you, if you don't mind."

"Perhaps I do. But go ahead," she said grimly.

"I was at Cardiff yesterday afternoon. I saw David." He struck a match and scrutinised it carefully before he applied it to his pipe. "Eunice was there."

"Oh."

"I don't like the way that affair is going."

"David isn't a child. He's perfectly capable of ending any situation. If he doesn't like it."

"Something he said made me wonder if he happened to be under a misapprehension. He thinks that I . . . that you and I . . ."

"He's always known how you felt."

"Well, he needn't worry. I told him I didn't love you, Kay, any more. I haven't for a long time now. Divorced from David or not, I wouldn't take you as a gift."

The words struck her as a physical blow.

"You're frank," she said after a minute, dryly. "I don't remember encouraging you."

"No, that's to your credit. It's been my own imbecility."

"But why, Tom? I never expected you to be fond of me for ever. But why this bitterness? What have I done?"

"What have you done!" He got up and paced restlessly up and down. "What have you done! Good heavens, you have a nerve to ask that."

"That's no answer."

TOM stopped pacing and looked at her squarely. "I just don't like the sort of person you've turned into. Perhaps you've always been like that and I'm just beginning to see it."

"You might at least be explicit. What kind of person am I?"

"How have you treated David, for instance?"

"Answer it yourself. How have I treated him?" By an effort she kept her tone even. "At least I've let him be free."

"Free! Bah! You're more possessive than Eunice Williams ever thought of being. She's a babe in arms compared to you."

"That isn't true."

"Certainly it's true. First of all, you were willing to sacrifice him for your precious pride. Then you wouldn't free him because you thought Eunice wasn't good enough for him. You were omniscient. You knew best. Then you wouldn't even let him know about the baby. Again you and your feelings came first. Why, you're so possessive that throughout this whole thing you have been willing to use him like a piece of clay to plaster up the cracks in your own armor. Just pin a name on that and see what it is."

He didn't give her a chance to interrupt.

"David loved you. Once. Not that nitwit Eunice Williams, but that was nothing compared to your precious feelings, oh, no."

"But he . . ."

"Of course, he was in love with Eunice once. I bet you had a crush on your science master or a tram conductor or someone, if you can go back far enough to remember. And if you can think straight for once. All right, so did David. He was too decent to wriggle out of what he'd got himself into until Eunice gave him a chance herself. He wouldn't tell you that she had had him like a fish on a hook. Or take you over his knee and give you the beating you deserve."

Katherine looked at him steadily. Outwardly she did not flinch. "I needn't listen to this any more, Tom."

"Be quiet," Tom said.

He resumed his pacing a moment, then went on: "You were so concerned with yourself that you never gave a thought to his pride. He's proud, too, you know. You wouldn't free him, but you wouldn't take his money. You wouldn't even let him take care of his own wife, not even at a time when any man knows that if he has a shred of decency in him his wife will need and want him."

He turned and glared at her. "You're beautiful, Kay, and I've loved you for a long time. I used to think you were sweet and lovely, too. But you're not. All you are is eight stone of self-willed, stiff-necked pride."

"You're frank."

"I intend to be. You're alive this minute because David's blood is flowing in your veins and because his extract pulled you out of a terrific case of shock. You never would have got through at all by yourself. You love David and you'd give your soul to tell him so, but you wouldn't give your pride to do it, not one little inch of it. You make me sick."

She swallowed. "All right, I make you sick." She added in a small voice: "But you're wrong. I don't love David. That was over long ago."

"Oh, you don't! Then why did you fight old Whitney with the whole hospital looking on? You who couldn't bear people to surmise things and gossip about them!"

"I told you why."

"Oh, of course. A lot of high-falutin words about not bringing discredit on his research. Piffle! Wake up, Kay. You never would have gone into a public brawl with Lucien for yourself, not when everyone knew the circumstances. You did it for David and you know it."

"That isn't so."

"It is so. Why were you so possessive of him, tell me that? Why not let Eunice have him, since you wouldn't? I'll tell you. It was because you were jealous. Just an old-fashioned case of the green-eyed monster, that's all."

She felt herself grow cold. "I am not jealous."

"You were. And you are, at this very minute."

"It isn't true."

"Whether he was sick and tired of you—as he might very well be with your heroics—David has tried to be decent. Why did he ask Jane to live with you, to look after you?"

"He did that?"

"Certainly he did. You don't suppose Jane would have done it just for the fun of it! Take a look at yourself, Kay."

"Is that all? I think you've covered the ground pretty thoroughly," she said. It wasn't true, not all of it. She was not jealous. But some of it was true.

"Almost. But not quite. David isn't the man to sit on your doorstep for ever. He won't be the chump I've been. You thought he came to you on the rebound. Well, Eunice knows about rebounds, too."

"If . . ."

"Oh, David will stick it now. But what good is that if the real thing is gone? If he's only waiting until you make your magnanimous decision?"

Please turn to page 43

OUTSTANDING AMERICAN BEAUTY

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Pears

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PLAYTIME PLEASANTRIES . .

● *FRILLED PORTRAIT neckline is interesting note in this white sharkskin swimsuit. Highly flared skirt is new feature for this summer's wear. Red rickrack braiding trimming neckline and hem of skirt is smart.*

● *FOR COUNTRY holiday wear. This figured print is given an air by its low-cut frilled neckline and frills from waist to hem. Perfect simplicity its great charm. A frock for any time of day.*

● *FRILLED LOW-CUT NECK stars again in backless frock of blue-and-white print. Lace pockets are an impudent touch. Beautifully fitted to the waist and full over the hips this playfrock is figure flattering. Necklace and bracelet of white shells on blue enamel links are effective.*

● *ROSY apples and green leaves make calico patchwork design on this white longcloth playdress. The vivid red and green are repeated in the deep hemline, and the toeless sandals are white, with green piping and a red rosette.*

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contrast with formal elegance

● *CHECKED FOR SMARTNESS. Restraint in suits should be counter-balanced by extra dash in accessories. The navy-blue fitted faille suit on the left is given sophistication by blue-and-white check hat, gloves, hand-bag. On the right, a mist beige dressmaker suit teams with brown-and-white shoes, white blouse, and jaunty brown-and-white check bag and hat.*

● *CUTAWAY SHOULDER with halter effect and sequin-studded ends to draped sash give this superbly tailored black gown distinction for evening.*

● *DARING candy-pink and mint-green striped taffeta accessories give a plain black suit glamor for late afternoon or dinner dates.*

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● *BLACK LACE, fine as can be, let into deeply flounced sleeve, to match gracious neckline, adds finish to college-blue satin evening blouse. Bunched black lace forms attractive headdress. (U.S. Office of War Information photos.)*

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He's filled out so much lately, Daddy will scarcely know him for the same little boy he left at home. The credit for *that* belongs to Mummy. She knows how vitally important it is, in these days of recurring shortages, to guard against lack of essential food elements in a child's diet.

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• Patting in foundation. • Applying rouge. • Skill with lipstick. • Darkening eyebrows. • Dusting on powder.

• She looks her loveliest on her wedding day.

December's happy bride makes up...

• Model, pictured above, demonstrates five easy stages in a beauty build-up for a girl on her wedding day . . . You can put a fresh complexion on your outlook by following the simple hints given herewith.

By MARY ROSE, our beauty expert

EVERY make-up step counts, particularly now when we must make our cosmetics last twice as long. Here are the five steps, taken one by one, which achieved the perfect make-up for the bride pictured on the left.

Foundation Work.—First she tied her hair back and spread her face with cleansing cream, working it thoroughly into the skin with gentle upward movements. As her skin tends to be dry at the moment she needed rather more than usual, but she was very careful not to leave the skin greasy.

Next she wrung out a face towel in cold water and held it against her skin to remove any surplus cream and dirt, and freshen her skin. Then she dabbed on an astringent and patted in her foundation evenly over her face, lids, lips and neck.

It is essential that the foundation cream should be evenly applied, otherwise the rouge and powder won't go on evenly and will look blotchy.

Rouge.—She has a potentially heart-shaped face, with high, wide cheekbones and a fairly pointed chin, so she put three dabs of rouge in a triangle on each cheek below the cheekbone to emphasise its prominence.

Carefully she blended them in with short straight strokes to make a soft shadow below her cheekbone.

Lipstick.—As her upper lip was a little thin she used her lipstick heavily on it and widened the "bow" to a squarer shape. This gave her lips a fuller, softer look. To get the edges smooth and unsmudged she used a folded piece of tissue paper. This is easier to manage and to get than a lip brush, and the sharp corner thus formed is excellent for spreading the color evenly along the edge of the lip. Next she colored in her lower lip, making it full and generous, because her face was inclined to be bony, and a full, soft mouth counteracted the hardness. Later a dusting of powder will fix the lipstick and take away the greasy look, thus softening the hard line of the edges.

Eyes.—She is naturally fair and her eyelashes are light, and therefore make her eyes look smaller than they really are. So to accentuate her light blue eyes she touched her lashes with vaseline (it makes them grow, too).

If you are lucky enough to have mascara, use it instead, of course. A touch of vaseline applied over the mascara takes away that hard, spiky look.

Eyebrow pencils are hard to get, so an ordinary soft lead pencil had to do instead. She followed the natural arch of her eyebrow but extended it to exaggerate that broad forehead and pointed chin of a heart-shaped face.

If you use lead pencil, do make sure that you wash every trace of it off before you go to bed at night.

Powder.—She chose a lovely warm peach shade, and with a clean puff she dabbed first on forehead, then chin, then cheeks, and lastly her nose.

If you dab powder on your nose first you'll make it look as if it had been in the flour bin.

With a fresh velours puff she smoothed the powder over the skin to give a velvety finish. If you have one of those very soft-bristled baby brushes you'll find it perfect for smoothing the powder.

Specially careful smoothing is needed round lids, below the eyebrows, into the sides of the nose, and over the lipstick and up to the hairline. Powder sets the make-up, taking away any greasy look and helping to make it last.

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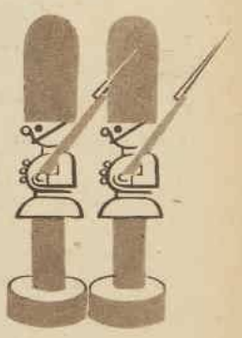
It keeps the home market short of course; but stores can still offer you Heinz Tomato Sauce and Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce.



Troops first! That must be Heinz Wartime Motto.

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Serve the Oslo Lunch

and save fuel

OSLO LUNCH
A HEALTH BUILDER . . . it provides a good daily quota of the "protective" food elements, minerals and vitamins which are essential for sturdy growth and health.

Three slices of buttered wholemeal bread with 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, half a pint of milk, an orange or an apple or a serving of salad ingredients such as lettuce, tomato, celery, shredded raw carrot or cabbage. These are the basic ingredients of the Oslo Lunch.

No cooking—you save fuel! No time wasted. The Oslo Lunch is quick and easy to prepare for school lunches, or the lunches you cut for the war workers in the family to take to office or factory. And the whole family will benefit from having this famous health meal regularly.

The Oslo Lunch is a wonderful health safeguard because it has been designed specially to provide a good daily quota of the "protective" food elements, the minerals and vitamins which we all need every day for good health.

So give your family the Oslo Lunch regularly. That's the best way to make sure they get sufficient of these vital food factors in their daily diet.

Variety — serve the Oslo Lunch these different ways —

Make a salad of lettuce, shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and chopped apple or celery and serve with the wholemeal bread, butter and milk.

Wholemeal bread, butter and Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwiches, served with a salad of shredded raw cabbage and chopped apple or sliced orange—and the milk, too, of course.

Combine shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese with grated raw carrot or shredded cabbage as sandwich filling for wholemeal bread. Pack milk in screw-top jar and slip in apple or orange into the lunch-box, too.

At the Opportunity Clubs, Melbourne, undernourished children who had the Oslo lunch for six months gained more than twice as much as children on ordinary lunches—they had a higher resistance to infection. School work improved, too. Doctors made frequent checks on their health. The Oslo Lunch is still being served regularly at the Opportunity Clubs . . . also at the Camperdown Children's Playground and Darlington School, Sydney, and many other schools.

This announcement is brought to you by the makers of Kraft Cheese.

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SWEET FOR SALAD MEAL . . . freshly made rhubarb layer cake. Serve with tangy rhubarb sauce.

RECIPES for RHUBARB

● It grows easily, it's low-cost food to buy, it's quick and easy to prepare, it can be served in a dozen or more luscious ways . . . that's why I pass on to you these recipes for rhubarb.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

CONTEMPLATION of rhubarb as main ingredient of this week's page reminds me of my student days.

I was completely ignorant of the kitchen garden, and was one of those helpless lasses who couldn't boil water. I was asked to make a rhubarb sweet as a class exercise, and sent to the garden to gather the rhubarb.

Unfortunately, at lunchtime the principal fancied a little rhubarb. Loud cries of horror came from her sitting-room as she tasted it. I had cooked acanthus stems and colored the result with cochineal.

She was never quite the same to me again.

If you note a Greek influence on this page please forgive me . . . Doric columns and acanthus mouldings are coupled in my mind with homely rhubarb.

Attic epicures, too, extolled in prose and verse the "simples of the field," and the healing virtues of the homely fruits and vegetables.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY

(Spoon it on a brown or white curry or serve it as a dressing for a seasoned veal salad.)

Two pounds trimmed rhubarb, 1lb. apples, ½lb. cooked beetroot, juice of 2 lemons, 1 white onion (fairly large), 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon white pepper or ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1lb. brown sugar, 1oz. root ginger (if available), 1 pint vinegar.

Chop rhubarb into small lengths. Peel, core, and dice apples, and peel and dice beetroot. Place all ingredients in an enamel-lined pan, bruising the ginger before adding. Bring to the boil and cook until soft and thick, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal.

RHUBARB MARMALADE

(Try the further flavor of a bay leaf tied with the fruit pips and removed before bottling.)

Three pounds rhubarb, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 1¼ pints water, 3lb. sugar.

Wash and wipe oranges and peel thinly. Cut peel into fine strips and squeeze juice from the fruit. Tie pith and pips in muslin bag.

Stand peel, pith, pips, and juice with water overnight. Boil gently until tender. Add neatly cut rhubarb. Cook gently until the rhubarb is soft and liquid reduced. Remove bag of pith and pips, pressing well to extract all pectin. Add sugar and bring to boil. Boil briskly and test for jelling after about 15 minutes. When mixture jells when tested, pot and cover.

RHUBARB ICE-CREAM

(Enough for 2 average-sized ice trays. Thaw for a few minutes before serving.)

One pint milk, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 3 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup lightly stewed, drained rhubarb.

Whisk together the fresh, powdered, and sweet condensed milk. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water and add to milk. Freeze in refrigerator ice trays for 1 hour. Remove, whisk, and add rhubarb. Return to ice trays and freeze. Serve with wafer biscuits or honey cookies.

PENELOPE'S LAYER CAKE

(Didn't she weave while she waited for Ulysses to come home from his wanderings? It is on record she also had a fine hand with honey and spice cakes.)

Two tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1½ tablespoons dripping, ¼ teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 or 2 eggs, about ¼ cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1½ cups stewed, drained rhubarb.

Cream sugar, honey, fat, lemon rind and juice until smooth and fluffy. Beat in eggs and add sifted flour and spice, mixing to a smooth, thick batter with milk. Place half this mixture in a small greased loaf-tin. Top with rhubarb and cover with remaining cake mixture. Cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

RHUBARB SYRUP

(It's no relation to rhubarb wine, although in the good old days it was sometimes bottled with a ¼ pint of brandy to each pint of syrup.)

Rhubarb, sugar, bottles with good corks, and sealing wax.

Wash and cut rhubarb into one-inch pieces. Place in large jar and stand in a pot of water and boil until the rhubarb is soft and the juice flows freely. Strain through a jelly-bag or fine cloth, measure, and to every 1 pint of juice add 1lb. sugar. Boil for 10 minutes, skimming thoroughly. Cool and pour into clean, dry bottles. Cork, and seal with wax. Dilute to taste with plain or aerated water, coloring with cochineal if the color is too indefinite.

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM

(To improve the color a few drops of red coloring may be added before boiling.)

Three pounds trimmed rhubarb, 3 lemons, ¾lb. figs, 2¾lb. sugar, ½ cup water.

Wash rhubarb, cut into small pieces and place in pan. Add grated lemon rind, strained juice, water, and chopped figs. Cut lemon pith and pips up roughly and tie in muslin and add to pan. Cook, stirring well, until soft and thick. Add the sugar and cook quickly until the mixture jells when tested on a cold plate, about 15 to 20 minutes. Bottle and cover immediately.

RHUBARB SAUCE

(For any steamed pudding, or try it chilled with an iced bread-and-butter custard.)

Two cups sweetened juice of stewed rhubarb, peach leaf (if available), 1 tablespoon cornflour, cochineal.

Blend the cornflour with a little cold juice. Heat remaining juice with the peach leaf. Stir in the blended cornflour, stirring until the mixture boils. Simmer gently five minutes. Color if liked with few drops cochineal. Remove the peach leaf, which gives a nutty flavor. Serve hot or cold.

XANTIPPE RHUBARB SHAPE

(Make in a straight-sided ring-mould and decorate top with a wreath of piped green leaves of icing or mock cream.)

One pint sweetened juice from stewed rhubarb, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup lightly stewed, drained rhubarb, pulp of 3 passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, cochineal.

Dissolve the gelatine in the hot rhubarb juice. Chill, and when beginning to set fold in the rhubarb and the passionfruit pulp in which the sugar has been dissolved. Color a deeper red if liked, and set in a ring-mould.

RHUBARB has a sturdy peasant virtue. This sweet suits the type of family menu that helps to win wars.

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CRAWLED UPSTAIRS ON HANDS AND KNEES

Surprising Relief after all Hope Lost

Mrs. L. M. A. Wilson, of 47 Craig-end Street, King's Cross, was unable to bath herself and, in her complete wretchedness, was even given gold injections amongst many other treatments.

She writes: "I would like to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from R.U.R. Up to six months ago I was not able to move without the aid of my stick at all, and you have my permission to use my case for advertising purposes, as I would be only too happy to know that someone else was deriving the same benefit that I did through taking your treatment."

INTERNAL CLEANSER

R.U.R. cleans the body of poisons, acids, and wastes. These poisons and acids cause the unbearable pains of **rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago,** and **sciatica** . . . the dull eyes and muddy skin of **liver troubles** . . . the headaches and half-asleep feeling of **constipation** . . . the unpleasant, "Can't-eat-a-thing" feeling of **indigestion** and **gastritis.** **R.U.R.** helps all these disorders because it gently teaches every eliminative organ of the body, toning liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels. Get R.U.R. to-day. 4/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

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in tubes and jars

Golden Youth

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FACE POWDER

Rouge and Lipstick now available

If difficult to secure supplies write Kathleen Court, 170 Clarence St., Sydney

K75-3770

ROBYN SALEEBY, of Banksia Road, Bankstown, N.S.W., with her beautiful birthday cake representing an old English cottage. Roof, coated in chocolate, stippled to represent thatch. Drinking straws coated in white icing make fence, etc. Chimneys are made of two candles (for second birthday).

SERVING FOOD in an attractive setting makes it far more palatable and digestible—an especially important fact to remember in these days of rationing. Here is a delightful suggestion on how to brighten dining nook with chintz, or other furnishing fabric for Christmas. The pattern used here is a cheerful yellow, with soft blue contrasts.

Warm-weather dishes win prizes for readers

● These readers' recipes have been tried in our kitchen and voted excellent by our testing staff. Have you a winner?

NO cooking for this first prize, and it's delicious. Try it on wafer-thin brown bread and butter; try it as a sauce for a fruit compote or an iced chocolate mousse; try it as a filling for little crisp tarts, or for that extra fillip to a cherry flan or mulberry pie.

The ice-cream is another of those simple little recipes that prove themselves super. It is an ice-cream that softens easily. Flavor with orange rind or add chunks of lightly stewed fruit.

ECONOMICAL LEMON CHEESE

One tin condensed milk, rind and juice of 4 lemons, yolks of 2 eggs.

Mix all ingredients well together, and place in ice-chest or refrigerator till needed. Does not require any cooking. If used for filling tarts, the egg-whites may be used for meringue on the top.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Mann, 431 Penshurst St., Roseville, N.S.W.

SUPER ICE-CREAM

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 heaped teaspoons custard powder, ½ cup condensed milk.

Mix custard powder with a little of the milk, add the remainder of the milk and bring all to the boil, stirring all the time. Pour into a basin and when cold remove the skin from the top, add the condensed milk, and mix well. Pour into ice-cream tray and freeze. When set, remove from the tray and beat well for 4 or 5 minutes until like whipped cream. Return to trays and freeze until set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Campbell, 17 Harold St., Matraville, N.S.W.

PEPPERMINT FLIP

One pint of fresh milk, 8 strong peppermints, 2 eggs.

Bring milk to the boil and add the peppermints finely crushed. Stir well, allow to cool, then chill. When very cold add the iced peppermint milk and well-beaten eggs. Serve in glasses sprinkled with ground cinnamon or nutmeg.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

CHINESE CUTLETS

Three or four cups of minced rabbit, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1 tomato, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, ½lb. bacon rashers,

Combine rabbit, pineapple, chopped onion and tomato sauce. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into cutlets and cover with seasoned flour. Place on a greased tray. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs, cover with bacon rashers and bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knight, 8 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

CELESTIAL TART

One lemon, ½ cup honey, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 cup milk, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, 3 extra tablespoons honey for meringue.

STUFFED HAMBURGERS for light summer dinner. Pound the minced steak with a little onion, season well, dry-fry in flat cakes, and sandwich together with scrambled corn, bread seasoning or sauteed mushrooms.

Beat egg-yolks and honey, then stir in the flour, lemon juice, grated rind and melted butter. Mix well, then add the milk gradually. Line dish with shortcrust, prick well and pour in lemon and honey mixture. Bake in moderate oven till pastry is brown and filling set. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add 3 tablespoons honey and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Spread over tart and put into very slow oven to brown. Serve hot or cold, with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

WHEN MEAT COUPONS RUN LOW

—Keep food values high!

Pyrex cookery extracts maximum food value and appetising flavour even from meats of low (or no) coupon-value. When you cook the Pyrex way every ounce of nutriment is retained and you can serve dishes which are every bit as attractive as those made from "coupon-costly" cuts. Save coupons, money and worry—the Agee Pyrex way!

FRICASSEE:

1 rabbit, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, salt, ½ pint milk, ½ pint rabbit stock, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup cooked carrot. 1. Joint rabbit, soak ½ hr. in salted water. 2. Place in saucepan with salt, diced onion and celery, cover with water, simmer 1½ hrs. 3. Blend flour with a little milk. Heat remainder of liquid, when boiling add blended flour, stir till thickened. 4. Return rabbit to re-heat in sauce, adding cooked vegetables and seasonings. 5. Serve with carrots or vegetables.

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Tobacco Manufacturers
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England
Scotland
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A HUNDRED YEARS OF PROGRESS

Originally equipped with little more than the spirit of enterprise, an industrious mind and a genial, kindly character Mr. Godfrey Phillips commenced to make cigars, by hand, in a small shop in Aldgate, London —one hundred years ago, this year. His industry soon enlarged his capital and his personality won him friends and customers. From an unpretentious start the firm of Godfrey Phillips developed into the huge "Cambridge" Factory which stands today in Commercial Street, London. . . And so, Godfrey Phillips Ltd. celebrates, in war-torn London, its Centenary. The event is also proudly hailed wherever "Godfrey Phillip" factories are established throughout the British Empire—in Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, India and Ceylon.

A tribute from Godfrey Phillips (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, to the London organisation, on this fine achievement.

CIGARETTES:
ABDULLA • B.D.V. • BLACK & WHITE • DE RESZKE • THE GREYS
TOBACCOS:
GREYS • BLACK & WHITE • B.D.V.—READY-RUBBED FINE CUT
PRIVATE SEAL—PIPE FLAKE • HONEY LEAF—CUT PLUG PIPE MIXTURE

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Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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At all chemists & stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Pacott & Johnson Ltd. Sydney.

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of **Orlex Compound** and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

How to embroider curtain and cushions

● Illustrated in color on page 29

THOSE who hunger for something new and different in hand-embroidery will not waste a moment, but start straight away on these very modern, very striking and easy-to-work designs.

The expert who designed them says that the beginner should not be discouraged if she does not produce a masterpiece at once. "Keep on experimenting," she says. "A masterpiece is often only a lucky fluke. The creative faculty will grow in an amazing manner if only given the chance.

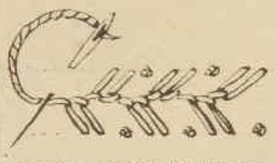
"Decoration should be coarse or fine, according to the material being worked on, and the decoration should not interfere with the usefulness of the article.

"Learn by doing, and enjoy it."

The curtain and cushions shown on page 29 were specially designed for a modern room which had very little color in it. The material used is greenhouse shading, a loosely woven cotton-mesh material, but the same ideas could be carried out in hessian or white blanket.

Several kinds of embroidery threads are used: Rug wool, candlewick, and anchor soft.

The designs for the cushions were not drawn at all, on paper, but lines were drawn on the material for the main shapes.



DOUBLE FISHBONE-STITCH; very effective, easy to do.

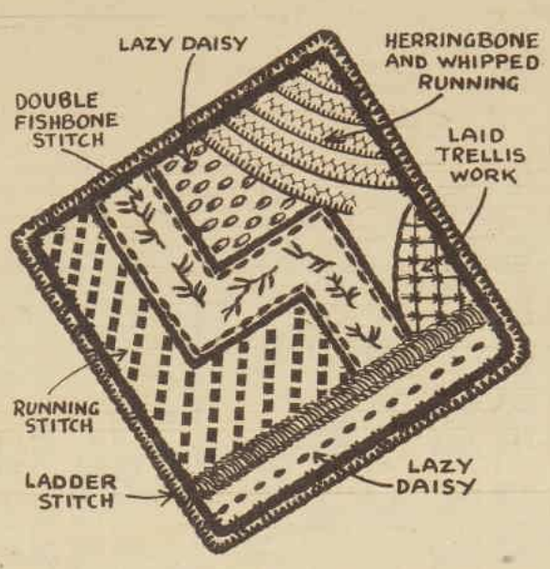
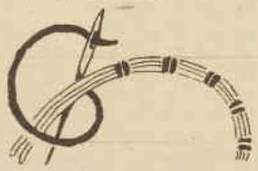


DIAGRAM of patchwork stitchery cushion illustrated in color on page 29. Laid trellis-work is simple: Large stitches are taken across space both ways and caught down by little crosses.

The square one was made because the worker had some scraps of that color of the material she wanted to use, and they happened to fit best that way. A few stitches were added to give richness to the whole. The centre space was filled in with one of the Jacobean stitches, found in an old piece of work.

The other cushion (note diagram on this page) is a patchwork effect of different stitches, the colors being chosen to go with the color scheme desired to match the room.

The design for the curtain was inspired by a small woodcut, and was chosen as suitable to represent the days we are living in. It represents searchlights against a sky of stars, and clouds with aeroplanes flying across. Beneath are hangars, trees, sea, depth-charges, and landing-field. One red poppy in a yellow cornfield finishes the pattern.



COUCHING: A thick wool is caught down with a finer thread.

This design was also very roughly sketched on, the searchlights being drawn on with a foot rule between marked points. The straight lines of clouds are drawn along the material, and the round parts can be drawn with different sizes of plates, saucers, etc. The stars are just spotted about anywhere. The poppy can be cut out in cardboard first, then laid on fabric and pencilled off; also the aeroplanes.

LADDER-STITCH: This stitch uses thread, as most of it shows on surface.

The stitches are all quite simple—worked large.

Trees, clouds, in buttonhole.

Searchlights and outside border in running-stitch.

Roofs and beach, darning-stitch.

Sea, depth-charges, and landing-field, couching.

The corn is rows of lazy-daisy stitch.

Stitches used in the cushions are the same, with the addition of herringbone, double fishbone, and ladder-stitch in the patchwork cover design illustrated above.

JULIET CAP

● Illustrated in color on page 29

THIS charming little Juliet cap is knitted in moss-stitch with a band of lacy cable pattern worked round the head.

Materials.—1oz. of Patons Azales wool, 1 set of four No. 9 knitting needles pointed at each end, and a spare needle to correspond.

Tension.—Over the moss-stitch, after pressing, 13 sts. to 2 inches and 11 rows to 1 inch.

Measurements.—Round head edge, nearly 17 inches (unstretched); depth from centre of crown, about 5 inches.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; tog., together; rep., repeat; m.-st., moss-stitch.

Note.—To "cable 4," place next 2 sts. on spare needle and hold at back of work and k the following 2 sts., then k the 2 sts. from spare needle.

TO MAKE

Using the set of 4 needles, cast on 108 sts. (36 sts. on each of 3 needles) and with fourth needle work in rounds of m.-st. thus:

1st M.-st. Round: * K 1, p 1; rep. from * all round.

2nd M.-st. Round: * P 1, k 1; rep. from * all round.

Rep. these 2 rounds 7 times more.

17th Round: * Bring wool forward so that when you knit first st. it will go over right-hand working needle, to "make" a st., k 4; rep. from * all round. (135 sts.).

18th Round: * K 1, cable next 4 sts. as described above; rep. from * all round.

19th Round: K.

20th Round: K.

21st Round: K.

Rep. the last 4 rounds twice more then work 18th round again.

31st Round: Drop first st. of round off needle, and let it run back to where it was "made" in 17th round, to form a "ladder," k 4, * drop next st., k 4; rep. from * all round. (108 sts.)

Now change back to m.-st. Work as first 2 rounds given at start; then to shape top, take 2 sts. tog. at both ends of each needle on the next round, and on the next 5 alternate rounds, then take 2 tog. at both ends of each needle on the following 4 rounds, after which take 2 tog. twice at both ends of each needle on the next 2 rounds.

Next Round: P 2 tog. all round. Break off wool, leaving a long end, run it through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off. Do not break off wool, but wind it four times round first finger, then buttonhole-stitch over the strands to form "stalk" at top of cap. Press cap.

IMAGINE FEELING SO FRESH AFTER WASHDAY! IT'S CLEAR YOU USE **RINSO** INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING OUT THE DIRT

SURE THING! WITH **RINSO**'S RICHER SUDS THERE'S NO NEED TO SCRUB. AND THAT MEANS CLOTHES LAST LONGER, TOO

FOR DAINTY THINGS OR GRIMY WORK CLOTHES, THERE'S NOTHING SO GOOD AS **RINSO**

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Don't be a "Nero"! Check your cough or cold right away with a few doses of Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH is made to a time-proven formula. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Y-COUGH loosens up congestion, soothes away inflammation and banishes coughs and colds in the shortest possible time.

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The latest addition to the Science of Life literature is the Woman's Chart of Beauty. This sets out at a glance the Hollywood technique of preserving, increasing, and recovering feminine attractiveness.

The whole purpose of the Woman's Chart of Beauty is to show women the new way to health instead of going through life under a kind of cosmetic illusion.

The principles laid down in the Woman's Chart of Beauty are largely based on the experience of Dr. Gayelord Hauser, who has achieved world fame for the remarkable way in which he has taught the Hollywood film stars the new science of nutrition, showing how they can, without drugs or cosmetics, retain their lovely lines, their beauty, and their youth.

What **they** have done, any woman of intelligence can do—and the Chart of Beauty shows how: **How** to streamline your figure, correct overweight, and at the same time increase your health and vitality; **how** to acquire a healthy skin, free from blemish.

This Chart tells the secrets of a **good** complexion, with a glow of real health underneath it. It shows how to gain weight—and health—if you're too thin, without making yourself ill.

It shows the nutrition required for a head of healthy, radiant hair, and the dietetic principles that will stop the decay and loss of teeth.

Incidentally, it gives the world's most noted beautician's exercises for health and deportment—"the sinuous movements of the panther or the elegant grace of the peacock."

Taken altogether, this Chart contains a mine of precious information for the **real** health and **real** beauty of Woman. Price 3/6 (add 1½d. for postage). Send to-day.

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Every surfer, every swimmer—every person who lives, works, or plays exposed to the sun, knows that he cannot give his best or enjoy himself to the utmost . . . and still escape SUNBURN.

None of us can afford to risk sunburn, which is so easy to catch during the summer months. The wisest people always have Flexibar on hand, and use it frequently because it helps soothe and cool the burn—it relieves the pain—and heals skin breakages. FLEXIBAR also helps to prevent sunburn. For skin injuries, cuts, bites, and scratches use soothing antiseptic FLEXIBAR—it's the new, reliable antiseptic healer.

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For INNER CLEANLINESS AND OUTER FRESHNESS take JUNIPAH MINERAL SPRING SALTS *daily* — ills and chills won't worry you—and your system will be toned up naturally and gently.

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MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

New way of treating burns

● Surgical cleanliness essential in first-aid treatment; burnt tissue is an ideal material for growth of bacteria.

By MEDICO

AN anxious voice on the telephone summoned me to the home of Mrs. Sayers. Her daughter had been burnt at the kitchen stove.

Taking my emergency bag, I was soon at the Sayers' home. The burn was fairly deep and painful, but fortunately not extensive. Mrs. Sayers had been a trained nurse, so she helped me into my sterile mask and gown as I scrubbed my hands and put on sterilised gloves. Mrs. Sayers and Jean, the victim, also wore gauze masks. I used sterilised forceps to do the dressing.

Without any preliminary cleansing I dressed the burnt area with short, sterilised strips of fine gauze bandage which had been smeared with petroleum jelly. Over this I applied squares of sterilised gauze soaked in normal saline (a teaspoon of salt to a pint of water), and covered this in turn with a thick pad of cotton waste. A firm bandage kept the dressings in place. The pressure reduces the swelling and the pain.

"We'll keep these dressings in place for two weeks," I announced.

"Frequent changes of dressing are painful, they increase the danger of infection, and interfere with healing."

"I was surprised that you didn't use tannic acid," said Mrs. Sayers.

"Tannic acid has been thoroughly tried out over the last ten years, and it has now been given up. It was found that infection was greater, there was delay in healing, and the tannic acid had a poisoning effect on the liver. For a time, a purple dye was used in the treatment of burns, but it was found that this did not reduce infection, and there was some delay in healing."

"But isn't it a good idea to first thoroughly clean the burnt area and remove blisters?" queried Mrs. Sayers.

"There is some difference of opinion on that," I replied, "but there is no evidence that there is anything very much to be gained. Strange as it may seem, we learnt a lot about the treatment of burns from a serious fire that burnt a large number of people at a dance hall known as the Coconut Grove, in Boston. Good results were obtained by the very treatment I have used on Jean."

"Is hospital treatment still necessary?" asked Mrs. Sayers.

Dangerous burns

"THE rule still holds that the danger to life of a burn depends more on its extent than its depth.

"If more than one-third of the skin surface is burnt, the outlook is grave indeed.

"Hospital treatment is necessary for all but minor burns, because the treatment of the associated shock, and the possible need for treatment by sulpha drugs or penicillin to control infection, makes hospital treatment essential.

"But what should be known by everyone is the need for surgical cleanliness in the first-aid treatment of burns. Burnt tissue is an ideal material for the growth of bacteria.

"Every factory and home should have a jar of sterilised strips of fine gauze bandage smeared with petroleum jelly.

"When these are prepared, they should be baked in a warm oven for two hours. A pair of forceps which can be sterilised by boiling for ten minutes should also be part of every first-aid outfit. Forceps are easier to sterilise than hands."

Jean confessed that the pain of the burn had been much reduced by the dressing, and she was pleased to know that her dressing would not need to be changed for two weeks. She had had a bad burn a few years previously, and she still remembered the agony of the daily change of dressing.

TROUBLE AT THE STOVE . . . Will a woman never learn to be careful? Always see that handles project in least dangerous direction, and away from heat of stove, and last, but not least, use a pot-holder and not your apron to lift lids, move saucepans, or baking dishes.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

PREPARE your Christmas lists now, Fifi Banvard, of the Bob Dyer Show, reminds you. Gather your gifts and make your parcels to save the usual rush and tear of Christmas week.

TARNISHED silver can be brightened by putting it in an old aluminium saucepan containing boiling water to which a tablespoon of washing soda has been added. Boil for a few seconds, remove, rinse and rub up.

* * *

I'M told this is good: When tinting white garments, mix a pinch of bicarbonate soda in hot water used for making dye. This ensures an even tint.

* * *

REJUVENATE ties this way: Steep for a few minutes in cold tea in which a teaspoon of salt has been dissolved. Press under cloth while damp.

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of **Frozol-Ice**, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain quickly. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. **Frozol-Ice** is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice**.

Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning will bring amazing relief. Ask your chemist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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FACIAL HAIRS

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Posted 6/4½) from Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and Birks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide, or direct from the manufacturers, The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Coy., Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Yardley

There is no need to be lavish when the merest Yardley film works such endearing enchantment with lips and skin. So make economy your target. Fine stores and chemist shops still have stocks of basic Yardley beauty aids and English Lavender . . . but only in restricted quantities.

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No Matter What Else Has Failed There Is Real Hope For You In This Oral Vaccine Treatment

Do you suffer from Catarrh? Then you know best how miserable and out of sorts it makes you feel. You know the tight stuffed-up nose, the constant need to clear away the accumulated mucus. You will have suffered from the dull, heavy catarrhal headaches. Perhaps yours is an advanced case when the constant ringing in your ears, coughing, nose blowing and pain nearly drive you mad. . . . . .

ALSO FOR BRONCHITIS SINUS AND ANTRUM TROUBLES

Lantigen "B" treats these troubles in exactly the same way as it does catarrh—and with the same degree of benefit.

THOUSANDS BENEFIT

If you are suffering the kind of pain and distress described above, then you will want to know all about a method used by thousands who have suffered like you and who now have gained wonderful relief. How wonderful it is for them to breathe freely once again, to rid themselves of those wracking, splitting headaches, to regain the health that catarrhal infection had sapped from them. How wonderful it will be for you to gain the relief you have sought so long just by taking, each night, a few drops of Lantigen "B," the famous anti-catarrh Oral Vaccine. Just read the letter below and see what one ex-sufferer from catarrh has to say:—

". . . . I cannot speak too highly of the value of Lantigen 'B' for catarrh. For years I had suffered from this beastly complaint and tried many so-called 'remedies.' The results from Lantigen 'B' were astounding. I now have no difficulty in breathing, and never get colds. It has given me a new lease of life."

This is common experience with those who use Lantigen "B," because Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine which treats catarrh by building up natural resistance to the germs which cause it. This, in principle, is similar to the creation of immunisation against other diseases such as typhoid, dysentry, whooping cough, scarlet fever and rheumatic disorders.

NO INJECTIONS NEEDED

The wonderful thing about Lantigen is that no injections are necessary. Modern research has proved that vaccines may be taken orally (by mouth) and still produce protective powers. This is by far a more convenient and simple, as well as being a less expensive, method of immunisation.

One writer in the "British Medical Journal" says: "The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous (by injection) method is obvious, in that this method overcomes the practical difficulties associated with the latter."

Another writer (Dr. Cronin Lowe) in the same journal reports that "Clinical response has been quite definitely marked" where oral vaccines have been used in catarrhal conditions.

So why put up with Catarrh any longer? On your chemist's shelf Lantigen "B" is waiting for you, ready to give you the same measure of relief that others have already gained—and not only mere palliation of your trouble. In most cases, Lantigen "B" actually immunises the system against the return of catarrh for varying periods up to two years—or even longer. Don't waste a day. Begin at once to gain the benefits Lantigen "B" can bring to you.

No general would take an army into battle unless his men were immunised against typhoid.

Immunisation against diphtheria and whooping cough has guarded the health of millions of children.

Millions of lives have been saved by Vaccination against smallpox.

Use an immunising treatment wherever you can, to protect against germ-born diseases.

Only chemists are permitted to sell

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE

ASK YOUR CHEMIST ABOUT IT TODAY!

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...exquisite grooming!

Have you longed for a complexion as clear and soft and smooth as a rose petal? Then turn to Tangee Petal-Finish Lipsticks, Rouge and Face Powder. Glamorous color, freshness, smoothness that you'll only find in Tangee PETAL-FINISH cosmetics. A remarkable new texture that brings you that perfect grooming!

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
TANGEE *Rouge*
TANGEE *Face Powder*

WITH THE NEW PETAL-FINISH

As soon as restrictions are lifted stocks will be available
Sole Agents, R. G. Turnley & Son.

Skin Sores?
Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

ASTHMA
Curbed Quickly

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigour so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Relieves Asthma . . Now 6/- and 12/-

Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 30

KATHERINE rose. "Thank you, Tom," she said quietly. "It isn't all true, not all that you've told me. But a good bit of it I . . ." Then she saw his face. "Oh, Tom!"

He was hurling himself furiously into his overcoat. She caught his arm. "Thomas Andrews, you blessed liar!"

He took her hands and removed them from his lapel, looked down at them for a long moment. For a fleeting instant she thought he was going to carry them to his lips, but he did not.

"Well, a lie or two in a good cause . . ." he said huskily. "I—I suppose you've seen through me, Kay. I thought I could carry it off." He took her by the shoulders and shook her hard. "Don't be a fool, Kay."

When he had gone she sat looking into the fire. Tom had put into words all the things she had known about herself for a long time.

He opened the door abruptly. "I forgot to tell you. You won't be bothered with David much longer. They don't give out much information, but any fool knows they're moving men overseas. That camp's a beehive. He expects to go any minute."

She had risen, but she sat down again quickly.

"Overseas?"

"Yes. Well, if it's any comfort to you, Eunice won't get him there."

He was off again.

He was gone for good this time, but his words remained, pounding themselves relentlessly in her ears.

"Jealous?" How she hated that word. "I couldn't be. I couldn't be unless I loved him. And I don't."

She remembered the moment in the hospital when she had wanted him to stay. She reassured herself coldly. That had been merely a momentary weakness. He had been strong and sure. She had been ill, not herself, and in need of any strength wherever it might be found.

But there remained that other word. Possessive! She hated that, too.

But wasn't she? After all, David was a grown man. Had she not tried by remote control to order his life? It was his life. Whatever it might entail for herself he must do with it what he would.

Panic seized her. Her hand went to her throat as it had done that way in the hospital when she thought David was walking out of her life. This time—this time it might be final.

ADORABLE in her summer outfit—Susan Uren, at 18 months. Her mother lives at Prince's Highway, Waterfall. Her daddy is a corporal in the A.I.F.

SUMMER PROBLEMS

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE long and trying spells of summer heat that lie before us present many difficult problems in the feeding and care of baby, and especially so in the case of a baby who has to be artificially fed.

Many adjustments have also to be made in clothing, cot-clothing, and diet.

A leaflet explaining how to meet some of these hot-weather troubles has been prepared and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the Mothercraft Bureau of The Australian Women's Weekly, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney.

She was engulfed with a flood of self-recrimination.

This was no time to think of petty things, to spread out all those little personal problems that mattered so slightly in the face of a man's going off to war. One thing was sure. She need not be possessive of him any more. He could be free of that. If Jane and Tom had done all that they had done so freely and generously, could she be less thoughtful of him herself?

She rose and went to the telephone.

"I want to send a telegram," she said.

"Must see you. Will arrive hospital Monday afternoon train. Wire if not convenient.—Kay."

"Yes, that's all," she said. "Yes, please, do request an answer."

She paced the room restlessly, much as Tom had done a little while before. Her thoughts were a tangled skein in which there was no order. She could pick from them only one realisation that stood out sharply.

This was no time to think of herself. At least Tom had made her see that. Suddenly her own feelings and her pride seemed of very little importance. It was almost funny that she had thought them so paramount. David should go off to war, if he had to go, with freedom for whatever it was he wanted most. That was the least she could do, give him that.

"He—he might be killed," she thought. "He won't take care of himself. He'll—he'll walk into danger every time."

The answer did not come. Sunday night passed and Monday morning.

"But there must be a reply," Kay said.

"No, madam, no wire has come in for you," the exchange insisted.

She put down the receiver slowly. He had not answered her.

She took the afternoon train, anyway.

Her decision to take the Cardiff train had been made impulsively. It had, indeed, been so very sudden that she had not allowed herself to think of all the implications of such a visit.

Even now as she sat in the train, quietly watching the landscape streaming by the windows, she was reluctant to analyse it further, though she knew she must before she saw David. There could be no more ambiguity or evading the situation.

HAD she made a mistake in not realising the fact that David had ignored her wire? Did that mean he did not want to talk to her, even to see her?

"Tom would say it serves me right," she thought wryly.

Tom's plain talk had jolted her more than she liked to think about. Although she had seen through his subterfuge there still remained the elements of truth in what he had said.

She had been more concerned with saving her own pride than she had been with David. It was hard to admit, but it was true. It was equally true that she had deceived herself all the time and that she had been just as possessive in her own way as Eunice Williams had been. To be sure, she thought, it was a less reprehensible way, but it was possessiveness just the same.

Well, she would undo that part of it. No longer would she hold David just to keep him from Eunice. She had decided that when she had learned that he would be sent overseas. She had seen herself quite clearly that Sunday afternoon and she did not quite like what she had had to look upon.

"Saw it with Tom's help," she amended. "And Jane's."

But she could not go all the way. She did not love David. She had not been jealous. Nothing that Tom could have said had the power to sting her as that word had done.

The fields were grey now with that peculiar color that comes from soot being superimposed on the drab brown that frost leaves on growing things. It was relieved only where an occasional patch of over-vivid green showed winter wheat or a blue-grey stream struggled with the encroaching of ice at its edges. Her mind went on, fighting the binding influence of her own suspicion of herself that lay below her thoughts.

Was she thinking clearly, even now? Even now was she telling herself the truth? She was, she was!

She planned her meeting with David. It would be very gay and casual. They would go somewhere and talk. She would be frank. She would make him see that he must consider himself entirely free. She would be controlled and friendly. There would be no more stiffness between them. Even had she loved him she would not hold him for herself, not even for the baby, though her mind refused to dwell on that.

Her mind stopped there. She pulled her wandering thoughts back to the present.

To be concluded

When you decide to serve Hansen's Junket as the family's dessert with a summer meal, you may feel certain that a delicious treat will result.

Hansen's British Junket Tablets NEVER fail. One tablet makes TWO full pints of delicious, nutritious Junket—richer in food value because stronger in rennet than any other—quicker setting, firmer, unfailing. Order HANSEN'S.

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P.44.10

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

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CP3

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

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Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

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Health and Happiness GO HAND IN HAND!

You can't have happiness without good health—and good health is largely a matter of correct diet!

Growing children, for example, must have an abundance of carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts if they are to develop sturdy bone and muscle and to enjoy radiant, year-round health. And the easiest and best way of seeing that their young bodies are not starved of these essential body-building elements is by serving WEET-BIX Whole Wheat Biscuits, GRANOSE Whole Wheat Biscuits, or BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes for breakfast every morning.

These three "Build-Up Breakfasts" are made from nothing but the natural whole wheat grain—and in such a way that the original goodness is retained almost intact. Add to this the fact that they are pre-cooked and toasted for maximum flavour and instant serving and you'll see why these famous Sanitarium Health Food Products appear on tens of thousands of breakfast tables throughout Australia every morning—serve them regularly in *your* home. All grocers.

SERVE THESE Build-up Breakfasts!

Study this diagram of the wheat grain and see for yourself why every country in the world regards the wheat harvest as vital to its domestic security. Containing no less than 16 vital elements, including (1) **BRAN**, for regularity, (2) **CARBOHYDRATES**, for energy, (3) **PROTEINS**, for growth, and (4) **MINERAL SALTS**, for rich red blood, whole wheat in some form should be served in YOUR home every day.

★ *And for "regular" good health try adding a sprinkling of SAN-BRAN to your favourite morning cereal. Offering you bran at its delicious best, you'll find that even a little helps a lot—by providing essential "bulk" in your daily diet and gently assisting your system the **natural** way. Crisply toasted and flavoured with malt, SAN-BRAN is just what you need. Ask for it at your usual grocer.*

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